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THE

STAFF OFFICER;

OR,

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

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A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY OLIVER MOORE.

[redacted]eb of our life is of a mingled yarn; good and ill together. Our [redacted]ould be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes [redacted]pair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ERRATA. VOL. II.

Page
46, line 6 from bottom, for *helpless*, read *hopeless*.
71, —— 11 from top, for *and*, read *they*.
ib. —— 12 from top, omit *moreover*.
158, —— 10 from top, omit *punnion* or.
258, first line Chapter XXIX., for *with*, read *between*.
262, line 10 from top, for *leather boots*, read *leathers, boots*.
289, bottom line, for *locality*, read *beauty*.
296, top line, after *I should*, add *not*.
321, line 9 from bottom, for *these*, read *which*.
324, —— 11 from bottom, for *at eight went the bells*, read *at eight bells*.

THE STAFF OFFICER;

OR,

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER I.

A lie!—on my soul, a lie!

I ROSE at six, and leaving the house unperceived, except by the scrubbing servant-maids, hurried down to the deeper part of the Boyne, about half a mile from the house; and there, in its cool and crystal wave, assuaged the fever of my frame. I had brought myself to the resolution of taking leave that very morning after breakfast; but there was other work in store for me.

An unusual depression of spirits visited me, which I found it impossible to account for or

chase away. I felt certain twinges of conscience, to be sure; but when did conscience long continue to depress the flattered, favored youth of seventeen? About one hour after breakfast, when walking towards the Nag's Head to make arrangements for my party's beating-up on the ensuing fair-day, I was accosted by a sedate, soberly-dressed young man, about five-and-twenty, who, with a very sinister expression of countenance, and in silence, presented to me a written paper, in the regular up-and-down style of hand, in which I had no difficulty in tracing the scribe of a thorough-paced attorney.

As those far-famed brothers-in-law, John Doe and Richard Roe, were *then* strangers to me, I could only fancy that this was some process arising out of my trip to Mr. Fagan's bog some short time before; but what was my amazement, when by a hasty glance of my eye I found it contained an invitation to mortal combat with the gallant lieutenant! Indignation at the offensive terms in which it was worded overcame my first feelings of surprise at such an unexpected billet; so, crumpling it up in my hand, and bestowing a look of as much scorn as my boyish

face could muster at the bearer, I merely said, "This shall be attended to immediately." With a sarcastic grin he wheeled off, tempting me almost to add a kick to quicken his retreat.

This animal, as I soon afterwards learned, had formerly been a lover of Miss Temple's; but, having been treated with more than common contempt, he had ever since taken a malicious pleasure in fomenting quarrels and bickerings amongst the more favoured. He had known the lieutenant when belonging to the county militia; and the latter had been invited to take his bed at his mother's house the preceding night.

Maddened by Maria's neglect and her too flattering attentions to me, he had left the house with a mind predisposed to imbibe that additional dose of the poison of jealousy, which the widow (who had her own plans) by her raillery and affected pity administered. On taking leave of her he repaired to his quarters, where his friend the young Dublin attorney completed his misery by insinuations (part of which were, alas! but too true); but that portion of his villainous tale out of which grew the morning's challenge, was at once false and villainous! I did not know—had never

heard of Lieutenant Arabin before the time I met him at Nutsford, therefore could *not* have aspersed him to Maria and her family, as I was accused of having done by that disappointed demon the *Attorney*.

The unfortunate lieutenant directed him to carry a message to me next morning, demanding an immediate meeting at such place as I should name; his duty compelling him to return to Kells that night. Accordingly this precious limb of the law, with all the mean caution of such a grovelling mind, did not trust himself with the delivery of a verbal one, in those terms of courtesy which the gentlemanly Arabin no doubt had directed; but, sitting down in his office, he strung together a tirade of vulgar abuse on the part of his principal, of my "scandalous slanders on the character of the said Lieutenant Arabin, *whereby* he had been deprived of the respect and consideration which he had *heretofore* been used and accustomed to receive; for which grievous, base, and dishonorable attacks, he demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman!" This most elegant production had no signature, and was put into my hand *without a word!*

Ruffled, as may be supposed, by such an un-

sought, unlooked-for quarrel, I was for some moments lost in mental confusion; but I soon made up my mind. Hiring a horse from the landlord of the Nag's Head, I galloped off to the head-quarters of the **** militia. After five minutes' search, and explanation of my visit, I found a *friend* and *weapons* in the person and pistols of Ensign Bryan Macgillicuddy,* of that regiment, a scion of a respectable Connaught family: he was a candidate for military honors; but until he could find his way into the line, had accepted an ensigncy in this county militia.

He could have put me in his pocket, being about six feet four in height, and of magnificent proportions: he was indeed a *second* and a *half* by fair measurement; as brave as his sword, though *not* so highly polished. What delighted him extremely was my information that the *squat attorney* was my antagonist's second, having, as he stated to me, rendered that little fellow a *service* some months previously, by kicking him down stairs to save him from being *thrown out of the window* by a

The manner in which this extraordinary name is abbreviated in the pronunciation in Ireland, viz. "Maclycudy," deprives it of much of its singularity.

company into which he had intruded himself, when my friend's regiment was on Dublin duty. He laughed at the fright and confusion his appearance would create in the mischief-making scribe; nor was he mistaken.

He now rode off with me without loss of time, leaving one of his men to follow with the *flutes*, as he termed his darling hair-triggers. On explaining to him my brief acquaintance with the challenger, the absence of *all* cause for his hostility, (here my tongue faltered a little,) but on the contrary, the feeling of respectful regard with which Lieutenant Arabin had inspired me from the first moment of our meeting, he expressed his sorrow at that gentleman's error; then alluding to the challenge, added, "By J——, if he did not call you out, you must call him now, for having such a *blackguard opinion* of you." In truth, I burned with indignation at the terms of his challenge: but here I wronged him; for he did not see (as my readers may possibly have already guessed) the scurrilous note.

On returning to the Nag's Head, my friend "O'Bryan Mac," (as he was usually called,) who was as poor a composer as an orator, and who had

but one way of settling differences of opinion, (namely, by *twelve inches of barrel, and twelve paces of earth,*) proposed an answer to the challenge, which, having been written contrary to all Connaught etiquette, would have demanded as furious a reply. I prevailed on him, however, to consent to the following:—"The offensive and indecent terms in which Lieutenant Arabin's *written* demand for a meeting was couched, puts it out of Ensign Moore's power to attempt those explanations, which must have dispelled the error under which Lieutenant Arabin evidently labors; a regard for his own outraged honor, and feelings as an officer and gentleman, must lead Mr. Moore at *once* to a meeting, leaving events to justify his character in the eye of Lieutenant Arabin and the world. The bearer, Mr. Macgillicuddy, of the —— regiment, will make all arrangements on Ensign Moore's part."

On my return to the mansion of my host I was overpowered by questions, as to what I could possibly have been doing since nine o'clock, galloping about the country without having given the slightest intimation to the worthy family of my intended scampering? My unexplained absence

was a matter of surprise to all; with a certain person, of anger—and with another, alarm! However, I contrived to parry off the inquiries that were poured in on me by all, and attempted to account for my apparently rude flight, by professing to have recollected a promise I had given Mr. O'Bryan Mac to draw up a memorial to the commander-in-chief, soliciting a commission in the line or artillery; a promise I had in fact made, and which, to save appearances, I commenced with a mind very ill prepared for any business but that in hand. O'Bryan Mac, who called on me at my friends', was received with great politeness and cordiality, both on his own account and mine.

He was with ladies (and *uncontradicting* men) one of the most easy and placable kind of creatures; but to rouse his wrath was to unchain a tiger. Fortunately for society, his natural bonhommie on the one side, and on the other his physical superiority to the ordinary race of men, which he neither vaunted of, nor wantonly misused, screened him against offence; yet by some *misfortune* he had been *out* some six or seven times, and had generally left some *mark* of his skill.

He stated to me that he had seen Lieutenant Arabin himself, not being able to find the second of that gentleman; and on making this communication, he whispered to me with apparent glee, that "all *was settled* NICELY," which meant any thing but *amicably;* and squeezed my hand with, I believe, the most sincere pleasure, as he whispered to me that "WE WERE TO HAVE A RAP AT ONE ANOTHER IN THE CHURCH-YARD IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING!

It had been arranged that the lieutenant was to leave town, ostensibly for Kells, after dinner, but would return by a circuitous route, and meet us about eight; and that for form's sake I must go out of the way for half an hour to allow of his calling to return thanks, and take leave of the family; all of which was so proper that I instantly obeyed, and took a walk with my second to see the intended scene of action.

CHAPTER II.

The quarrel's a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands: it would be a pity to spoil it by explanation.

THERE could not perhaps have been a more judiciously selected place of meeting for the settlement of such a grave business, for the place was one of the most perfect seclusion. This experienced duellist twice or thrice insisted on putting me through my "*facings*" and "*postures*," as he termed them; and demonstrated, by the exhibition of his own person in various positions, how much the chances of a *hit* may be reduced by choice and skill of attitude. He looked upon such matters as partly the business of life. I treated my present affair as an unlucky episode, from which, though I should not shrink, I would most cheerfully have avoided.

Having suffered him to put me through the various forms of wheeling round and facing, I assured him he might depend on my keeping his instructions in view; but delicately hinted that there were certain circumstances connected with this unfortunate business, which rendered the lieutenant so much an object of my respectful pity, that no personal evil which I might myself have the mischance to meet with would affect me half as much as inflicting the slightest injury on him. "Therefore, my friend," I added, "blame me not if I betray a carelessness this evening as to your instructions, nor attribute it to any want of that quality which I know is your *idol*—courage!" All this was above his comprehension; to go out with a man, and not wish to *shoot him*, was a degree of Christian charity which his mind could not embrace. He did not know what to say; and therefore it was, I presume, that he stood silent.

To change the subject, we talked more, on our route into town, about his memorial than the impending duel; and after making an excellent dinner on the remains of the yesterday's feast, and drinking a moderate glass of wine,

we excused ourselves till half past eight from enjoying the ladies' company.

That there was a *something* in hand which appeared inexplicable, the good family seemed convinced; yet that it could be of an unpleasant nature appeared little probable, from the cheerfulness of my manner, and the unequivocal glee which another *field-day* (as Ensign O'Bryan Mac termed those rencontres) had inspired in my friend and second.

We were informed by the ladies that poor Arabin had paid his visit of leave shortly after we set out on our walk, and that he staid but a few minutes. Miss Maria took occasion to observe to me that he never once mentioned my name, or made the slightest inquiries as to the period of my acquaintance in that house, or how I became so favored an inmate. She herself could find a reason for this reserve! Seven o'clock came; to the Nag's Head my friend and I repaired, and there he paraded his "*flutes.*" They appeared to possess all the merit he attributed to them, of which I was no judge; and he ostentatiously showed me several nicks on the *butt*

end of his favorite one, indicating the *hits* he had made with it: when crossed by *another* and longer notch, the *hit* had been *mortal!* Of these, gracious God! there were three. "There's Harrison's cross," said he, pointing to one: "that shot my brother; and there's that thief Daly, that put an affront on my sister," (namely, danced three successive nights with her at the assizes of Galway, and left town without making a proposal of marriage!!!) and that last mark is poor Ned Kirby's, (late of the 27th, a fine young man, not twenty; a recent and a melancholy affair;) but it was all his own fault—'twas, upon my *honor*—he would not apologise at all at all!"

Trusting to the fidelity of his orderly man, we proceeded to the rendezvous; the latter carrying the *music-box* a couple of hundred yards in the rear. We were before our time; but soon the lieutenant arrived, pale and agitated, not with fear, for to that feeling his gallant heart was a stranger, accompanied by a freshly recruited second; the parchment slave having left him in the lurch, and skulked off for Dublin the first quarter of an hour after he heard that the *Goliah*

of Galway was to appear as my second; leaving his ear-abused friend to find a substitute in the best manner he could.

Driven to the last moment of his time, my antagonist had pressed into the service a young surgeon, or rather an apprentice to one, to whom no objection on the score of family or conduct could possibly be made; and when the alteration was announced to my friend, I was at once astonished and delighted at the calmness and discretion with which he received notice of the flight of the scribe. He proceeded to preliminaries with his new associate in this delicate affair; in fact though a being of his own world in many respects, no master of the ceremonies in his drawing-room could be more perfectly at home than honest O'Bryan Mac, when the parties were paraded, and pistols in hand.

Our present arrangement was thus: we were to stand twelve paces asunder, back to back, and on the words "Gentlemen—ready!—wheel—fire!" to discharge our pistols: the only murderous insinuation that escaped my friend O'Bryan was, when he won the toss for choice of ground,

and his la t instructions to me were in a hurried whisper, " *Keep your eye on the tree* which he now COVERS ; you 're sure to hit."

I really felt no sensation at the time, so strong on my mind was the wish that I might not hit my antagonist. Yet on receiving the word, " wheel and fire," my pistol was directed exactly for the *tree*, and discharged ere I was conscious of my pulling the trigger: in the twinkling of an eye I saw the lieutenant on one knee, as I imagined wounded. My friend hurried towards me, and inquired, " Are you hit ?"—" No !" He then flew to my adversary: the whole was but the work of one instant. The lieutenant was once more *erect and untouched:* in wheeling and placing his right foot in advance, the humid sod gave way, and he fell on his left knee while in the act of discharging his pistol. To this fall the noble fellow probably owed his life, for my bullet was found buried in the body of the blighted tree about five feet from the ground, directly before which my gallant adversary stood.

A short conversation took place between Arabin and the young surgeon, when my friend was beckoned to the conference. After lengthening his

face to that extent which gravity required on the occasion, he approached the lieutenant. Whatever was said appeared so perfectly satisfactory to the man of hair-triggers, that assuming once more a smile of satisfaction, I heard him say, "Sir, you 're a man of perfect honor, and with your permission I will take you by the hand to my friend, who, I hope you will allow, acted as became his *cloth* and character;" a compliment with which I could well have dispensed.

My friend O'Bryan as a peace-maker was as zealous for reconciliation as he had before been for "horrida bella." It is hardly necessary to explain further: the lieutenant, on the flight of his quondam friend, apprehended that his confidence had been abused; and had the slightest advance been made, he would have yielded to reconciliation before the last extremity. Not only did he now express his perfect conviction of my innocence of the imputed offence, but disclaimed (which he really needed not have done except for form's sake) all participation in the abusive composition of the vile attorney. So after mutual expressions of a sense of each other's *honor*, *spirit*, and all those customary,

but to my mind, most fulsome compliments on such occasions, we separated.

As I passed the temple of God on my return, how ardently did I wish to prostrate myself in some obscure corner, and while imploring his merciful forgiveness, utter my pious thanks, first for my own preservation, and still more that his good Providence had saved my hand from the stain of a fellow-creature's blood. The days, however, are long, I fear, gone by, if they ever existed, when such an act would escape contempt and derision; but the humble homage of the heart was fervently and silently rendered, and I hope mercifully accepted!

The news of the meeting and its supposed effects were known in the little town long before our return; and great indeed was the astonishment of the many who were on the watch for the wounded lieutenant, to see that gallant soul, instead of being borne wounded or dying, strutting bravely down town with his surgeon-second, just as if he had not been mortally wounded and left sprawling in the church-yard, a fate to which report had consigned him; and much as we

were both respected and esteemed, there was a feeling of disappointment that after all there had not been just a *little* hit on one side or the other.

My friend O'Bryan and myself entered town by a circuitous route, and I got to my kind host's friendly porch about dusk; thus escaping all observation. Neither of the ladies were visible, and the old gentleman was at the Nag's Head. Thither we repaired; and found him waiting with a solicitude, almost parental, for my return. He congratulated me on my safety, and had the consideration to accede to the justice of my observation when I submitted whether it would not be better to set off for my quarters that very night, in order to let the late meeting drop into oblivion, which in the course of a few days it would do. So after a "*cold bone,*" (as it is the custom in Ireland to call an unpremeditated supper,) at which I met only one of my fair friends, I set out within half an hour of midnight (but it was as bright as day) for my quarters, taking leave of my indomitable friend O'Bryan Mac, who made himself up for the night at the Nag's Head, intending to remain a day or two in that place, in

order to do justice to the conduct of all parties, in the various gossiping coteries to which he always found a ready entrance.

All the bipeds had long retired to rest; but the trusty Cromwell gave tongue, and I was soon admitted by the awakened gossoon, who put my nag into the stable, where he found at least hay and a litter.

A thousand painful reflections crowded my mind, during which all that I had ever heard or read of woman, *pro et contra*, flashed upon my memory; the result was, the perfect conviction of the truth of an old Irish apophthegm, translated thus: "*When Venus grants a favor, it is generally attended with some misfortune.*"

A troubled sleep fell upon my heavy eyelids, and it was nine o'clock before I descended to my breakfast room. Hot cakes, fresh eggs, and the warm-hearted Robin O'Farrell, awaited me.

CHAPTER III.

She now determined that a virtuous woman
Should rather force and overcome temptation,
That flight was base and dastardly, and no man
Should ever give her heart the least sensation.

Not a whisper of the last evening's circumstance had then reached Manor Rawdon; and I had no wish to be the first to announce it. Having business to attend to in looking over my party, their appointments, and the account of the good widow's score against them—an occupation which engaged me for some time—I contrived to get rid of the morning without any conversation with the amiable old man, who patiently waited my commands. He had received my newspapers, and was then most anxiously interested for his dear lord, who had lately had a spirited and successful brush with the French in Flanders, and was on the eve

of a more serious affair: he had been joined by his gallant countrymen young Arthur Wesley, John Doyle, John, now Lord Hutchinson, and others, the hope and pride of Ireland.

My affair with Lieutenant Arabin could not long remain unknown in the neighbourhood. Fame had bruited it about, and bestowed too flattering an account of my conduct on that unpleasant occasion. A visit from one of the Mr. Newnham's first announced to me the publicity of the meeting; and his remarks on myconduct,which he had heard from my late adversary's party, gave me great delight. The young surgeon had been unbounded in his admiration of my coolness and moderation; nor did the generous Arabin withhold his meed of praise.

How melancholy then, with such feelings on both sides, had one or both have fallen! My worthy friend the magistrate condescended to accept my invitation to partake of my chicken and bacon, the only fare I could offer; and by way of passing the time before dinner, held a kind of petty court in the shell of the building, once a market-house, for the humane purpose of effecting reconciliations between certain parties

who had mutually applied to him for warrants; in which good work he was seconded by the conciliatory efforts of the worthy old O'Farrell, and many a quarrel was that day made up over a mug of ale or medder of whiskey.

When left to myself, I was destined to receive a warm proof of the comely widow's fond attachment to me; which proved that even the admiration of a boy is not thrown away on the gentler sex. Embracing the opportunity of an empty house, the whole of her establishment being then employed in the field, getting in the harvest assisted by my recruits, my hostess, with unusual alacrity of step, sprang into my parlour, and at once into my *arms*, uttering with streaming eyes—

"Arrah then, my jewel, child! *my own heart's darling!* is it yourself that went to the church-yard to be shot at and kilt? Musha! then it was the widow's blessing that preserved you!" Never were kisses given with more real fervency, nor returned with more ardour; I clung with rapture to her kind, warm, heaving bosom, while she, all unconscious of the trespass, suffered me to repeat my caresses. The colour forsook her

cheeks: a cold dew now bathed her late burning forehead. I trembled like an aspen-leaf; she too trembled: her tremble was an earthquake! I was no longer able to support her in my arms: she sank down.—

O! my countrymen, what a fall was there!

My dinner party was increased, and my fare much improved by an unexpected visiter in the person of my angling doctor, who, with his ever-welcome self, brought a few brace of bleeding fresh trout, the fruit of his morning's sport. With this addition to our slender bill of fare, and a currant pie, that looked as large as the Red Sea, we contrived to gratify our appetites; and in the absence of better wine discussed one bottle of (miscalled) port: after which, with real gusto, we turned to that indigenous fluid which is the never-failing resource of a true-bred Irishman. The blooming widow produced a jug of whiskey punch, with which no nectar could vie; and I gladly indulged one wish of a heart yet brimful of joy and gratitude, to toast her health in her presence; a compliment in which my guests joined with more than ordinary courtesy and good-nature.

The evening passed away cheerfully; and in

order to combine business with pleasure, my friend the surgeon inspected, and the magistrate afterwards attested, six very fine recruits, with whom the industry of my party had, during my short absence, swelled my ranks. Night overtook us ere we saw the strand of our mighty jorum. My worthy friend the magistrate left me full of grateful feelings for the approbation he bestowed on my conduct in my late affair; and my friend the doctor, after many insidious attempts to pump out of me more particulars of that matter than I thought proper to enlighten him upon, departed, having no reason to be dissatisfied with his day's work, as he pocketed thirty shillings for his brief professional examination of my new recruits. In the highest spirits I retired for the night, in a state of *elevation* almost bordering on what is termed "*half-seas over.*"

As early as five the next morning I was to be found at the brook side in my dressing-gown and slippers only, at the bottom of the meadow, which bounded the widow's humble domain. In this small stream, not above a dozen feet wide and not half as many deep, with my companion Cromwell, I was accustomed to paddle and swim

about for half an hour during the sultry summer mornings. Retiring at length from this refreshing exercise, I explored a new passage to the house by an outbuilding, called by way of distinction the *dairy*, though applicable to a variety of purposes, amongst others that of being a dormitory for two bouncing bare-legged lasses of the establishment; whose slumbers had some short time before been rudely broken by the visit of the worthy mistress, when I met them in solitary petticoat, with rake and other rural implements in hand, going forth to the meadows to "fork the fragrant hay."

Meanwhile the ever busy widow was employed at her early task of concocting a few pats of butter for my morning's repast. Her dress, if such it may be called, was merely short stays, one petticoat, and a scanty shawl thrown over her shoulders, leaving exposed to the view the most beautiful though lusty pair of arms in the kingdom. In this state, in such a place, and such an hour, chance threw in my way the fresh and buxom widow, looking all freshness, more like a *Dutch Venus* of twenty-five than the humble hostess of an Irish sheebeen of forty. My ghost could not have alarmed her more than did my

sudden appearance, as I glided into the *dim* region of curds and cream. A faint "*O Lord!*" and then, "*darling jewel, lave me,*" was all she could utter. The churn was forsaken. I felt bound to explain, and apologise for my intrusion. She heard me in silence, and hung her head: the full-blown rose, expanding its inmost leaf to the balmy breeze of the morn was not more sweet.

What a situation!

CHAPTER IV.

The gods are just; and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

NEVER, during my sojourn under her thatched roof, had my zealously kind widow prepared for me a more delicious breakfast than this memorable morning. She outdid herself in the delicate whiteness of the griddle cake. The creamy freshness of the butter, the overflowing milkiness of the new-laid eggs, all proved the anxious care she had taken in providing for my "creature comforts;" all evincing her anxiety to make me pleased with her. She more than succeeded: I was delighted. O! woman! woman! there is no situation in life, however lowly and humble, that can rob you of those powers of

fascination, which Nature, in return for her occasional caprice and cruelty, can throw around you! I wonder how the widow, who was a most devout Catholic, got over her next month's confession!

Upwards of a week passed in this state of quietude, when, early one morning, while dressing, a visitor was announced, whose re-appearance sadly discomposed the serene delight which, for some happy days, had sat in blissful security on the widow's brow. "Old Honor Carey, the fortune-teller, from Laracor, Sir," said one of the colleens of the kitchen. "Let her wait below: I can't see her yet," I replied, as I involuntarily cursed the beldam; but comforted myself with the hope that she was come for no other purpose but to claim her reward for past services, rather than to invite me to fresh iniquity and new troubles. Alas! her object was twofold. She was the bearer of a letter full of the tenderest reproaches at my long absence and silence; yet abounding with expressions which demonstrated the overwhelming influence of passion, and mere passion, that no woman of perfect purity of mind could indulge in or avow. I was invited to a

meeting at Honor Carey's, where, secure from all interruption, our endearments might be *renewed.* I knew the sex sufficiently well not to be convinced that "*Hell has no fury like a woman scorned;*" but feigning a churlishness of behaviour towards the sibyl, which my heart was a stranger to, I dismissed her with a crown, slipped into her hand unobserved by all, and one sentence, "I will be there." The abruptness with which she was to all appearance dismissed, without even the reward of a dram, seemed to have an instantaneous effect on the once more calm and lovely face of the widow. Even the unshod, unhosed tenants of the tap chuckled with malicious delight at the unceremonious *congé* given to the smoke-dried dealer in destiny, who, nevertheless, tripped off perfectly pleased with the events of her mission, and anxious to derive from her fair employer the reward of her successful trip on love's embassy.

My reflections were, upon the whole, of a painful nature. I felt that I had, at an early period of life, yielded to the vices of our common nature, while my heart adored her virtues! I passively submitted to become the slave of one

woman's capricious passion, while every sentiment of love, uncontrollable as it was hopeless, bound my heart in eternal fetters to that woman's nearest female relative! Then again, I saw myself the wayward child of circumstances, unable, and indeed unwilling, to conquer the rising passion of the moment; a debauchee, a false flattering hypocrite of seventeen! ready to swear fidelity to maid, to wife, or widow! Deeply did I deplore my intanglements in the mazes of passion and vice; yet I could not promise to myself a virtuous resistance to the next temptation which opportunity might afford. Thus was I sinning, with *repentance*, but repenting without amendment.

Revolving all these things in my mind, I strolled into the church-yard, where, seated beside a grave, the moss-covered stone over which had no appearance of having been removed for half a century, I beheld my humble Mentor and kind friend old Robin, with his broad-rimmed spectacles on nose, reading the bible. My approach did not disconcert him: on the contrary, he expressed his satisfaction at seeing me at such a place; and pointing to the time-worn tablet by

his side, said, "In this spot, Sir, we laid our poor dear boy six-and-twenty years ago! I sometimes sit for hours conversing with him in thought; so much beloved on earth; and now, I trust, happy in Heaven for ever and ever! Captain! he was an angel before he went there: he was a stranger to sin!"—"My dear Mr. O'Farrell," I replied, "we are not all so fortunate. Youth brought up in great cities imbibe habits and vices, which, to those reared in a more happy state of a country life, are unknown, or, if known, known only to be hated. I assure you, my kind friend, I am sensible of many imperfections in myself, but I hope my heart is not entirely corrupted."

"O! Sir, no, no! Your conduct to poor old Fleming's daughter, which every ear but your own has heard with delight, convinces me you are truly good and virtuous! But, Sir, that vile woman from Laracor can have no business with you that is good. She has brought trouble enough already into the family of that good gentleman at whose house you have been lately so kindly entertained. I only wonder that Mr. Temple and Miss Maria, too! do not rid the country of her:

what can she want with such an adviser? Surely the match between her and Mr. Arabin was broken off all through her means. She enticed the dear young lady to her hovel, where young Arabin, who remained four days concealed in the neighbourhood, used to meet her; and although the father forbade her to entertain any thoughts of a marriage with him, the old woman was doing all she could, with her pretended power with the cards, to inflame the mind of the young woman to reject her father's authority, and accept him as a husband, in secret—or even worse! Yes! Sir, even worse! However, before dishonor had fallen on this house and name, the father discovered that such meetings took place; and he withdrew the half consent he had one time given, that young Arabin might hope for his daughter's hand when the death of the old colonel would give him the estate of Arabin Park.

"This happened," continued the old man, "upwards of two years ago. The young fellow got a commission in the artillery, and we heard he was going to the West Indies; and he, indeed wrote to the old gentleman to inform him of his destination. But for some reasons he remains

in Ireland recruiting, and has lately made his appearance in this part of the country—worse luck, Sir, for Miss Maria!—and, for what cause *you* best know, fixed a quarrel upon you, which might have caused the parents that love you to weep the loss (as I still do) of a beloved son! O! Sir, if that hag is misleading you, cast her off as you would an evil spirit! You are very young, Sir—surely there can be nothing between Miss Maria and yourself." (A thrill of horror shot through my soul as he fixed his penetrating eyes on my burning face.) "She is nearly twice your age. I fear nothing from yourself; but I trembled when I saw old Honor Carey deliver a letter to you. It is no business of mine to inquire what you do; but believe me, Sir, since I had a son of my own to love, I never saw that woman's child to whom my heart yearns more fondly than to you."

"A thousand thanks to you, my good and kind Robin," I answered, "for your affectionate concern for me. I will try to break off all connexion with the Temple family without giving offence; for never did I receive greater kindness than in that house. I shall go but once more to Templemore, and then with my party; and as it

will be the fair-day, I shall be but *one* amongst the number of the magistrate's guests. You must accompany me, Robin; and I shall leave town before night-fall, and march back to our quarters at the head of my party."

"Right, Captain!" said old Robin, standing proudly erect, as if at drill, evidently gratified at his fancied conquest over my boyish follies. Little did the worthy man know the pangs which this brief lecture cost my heart. O! little could he have imagined that the youth who then stood before him, whose purity of heart he praised with such pride and fondness, was to his own conscience a precocious monster of crime! I lived, however, in his love and respect to his last hour, and he died unconscious of my demerits. Kind, benevolent old man! my heart smote me as he took his leave of me that day, bestowing his unbought, undeserved blessing, and his prayers for my *virtue* and *happiness!*

CHAPTER V.

And I, even yet repenting, must
Relapse to guilt!———

THE next morning's sun was to see me at Laracor. By what contrivance Maria was to elude observation so as to meet me five miles from her home at an early hour in the morning, was a circumstance that at once puzzled and distressed me. When absent from her, I felt no sentiment but pity for her weakness or caprice; but when once within the vortex of her endearing looks and embraces, retreat—resistance was impossible. There was but one course to adopt to save herself and me; but that honor, gratitude, a feeling bordering on love, but corrupted by a grosser passion, forbade; even a vain feeling of *pity* for that infirmity of

taste which she exhibited in bestowing her affections on me, forbade me to absent myself on her summons. I sent a note in the evening to old Robin to request he would go over to Somerston for my letters on the morrow, and meet me at one o'clock in the afternoon at my quarters. I also asked for his mare; ostensibly to ride to the head-quarters of the militia to bespeak music for my next beating up. The mare was sent to me by my messenger; and having thus lulled suspicion to sleep in the breast of others, I sought to lull myself into false tranquillity. But, alas! the "*small still voice,*" which must and will be heard, whispered *daggers* to my distracted and guilty mind.

The venerable Countess's parting admonition—the faithful fond old Robin's devoted attachment to me—the generous unsuspecting hospitality, the almost parental kindness bestowed on me by the man whose only daughter, the fond deluded Maria—gracious God! it is not to be written!—the too evident interest I had already gained in the heart of the most lovely and purest of her sex—all these thoughts crowded on my oppressed memory. And to add to the score of my offences, the

cold, the placid and once insensible heart and passions of the poor widow had been aroused; and like the long concealed diamond of the mine dragged into life and lustre only to be sullied and dishonored.

So young!—and yet so fraught with sin,

thought I; what yet is to follow? But the spark of better feelings, though obscured, was not extinguished. As the faithful recorder of my early faults and failings, I conceal no portion of them; a more pleasing task will, I trust, devolve on me in the progress of my tale.

After a restless sleep of a few hours, I took an early breakfast, and was on horseback by eight o'clock. The morning lowered; and the murky clouds hung heavily over the Hills of Tara. Various were the reasons urged by my kind (now too fond) hostess, to induce me to defer my visit; and at length, when seeing me determined to go, she cried out, "*Why, then, God be with you, a vourneen!*" I almost fell from the saddle at the awful association of that sacred name with my then unhallowed purpose; but putting old Robin's mare to a speed to which she was ill-accustomed, I cantered up the desolate street, and turning off abruptly

for the Trim road, soon lost sight of Manor Rawdon.

The laborious breathing of the old mare soon apprised me of my incautious haste. I pulled up, and gently walked along until I came in sight of Laracor.

My readers may recollect that the eccentric and even now ill understood personage, Jonathan Swift, better known as Dean Swift, when in England in the early part of the last century, formed a connexion of an extraordinary nature with a young female named Mistress Johnson, who afterwards, on the death of the relative from whom she inherited a small annuity, adequate however to all her wants, was induced to follow him to Ireland. Whatever was the inducement held out to her by the Dean, it remains to this hour an impenetrable mystery; but to Ireland she came on his invitation, and in the parish of Laracor, of which he was then the incumbent, he placed this unhappy lady, whom he called *Stella*, in an humble habitation, to which he gave the name of "Quilca." After the lapse of three quarters of a century, a portion of this identical "Quilca," now reduced to a heap of ruins, be-

came the undisputed refuge and residence of the same Honor Carey, who now figures in my story; and in this remarkable spot, where the road suddenly turns at a right angle, I found myself at nine of the clock that morning.

An hour had nearly elapsed, during which I asked a thousand questions, ere Maria appeared, looking jaded and care-worn. I should be ashamed to confess I could look upon her with other feelings than those of the most tender solicitude. The apology for a couch which the wretched cabin afforded served us for a seat; while Maria, closely pressed to my heart, sat beside me. I kissed away the fast-falling tears ere I ventured to ask the cause of their flowing; and when I did, sobs, and fresh tears, and burning kisses were the only reply.

The old woman had disappeared, at what precise moment I knew not, but we were *alone!* How long we remained so, let those tell who measure time by hours and moments; the vigorous sun had pierced through the watery cloud, and nearly reached its zenith, when the hag re-admitted light into her wretched abode by partly removing the door, and then with whispers to Maria, implying

that all was clear, they both prepared to depart. Little time was passed in leave-taking, and none in explanation of this mysteriously concerted interview. One sentence, "You shall know all"—one last long kiss, the last ever shared, concluded the meeting!

My eyes followed the ill-matched pair until their figures faded from my view: they evidently took the same route which on a former occasion was pursued by the old woman. The whole appeared as a dream, in which pain and pleasure struggled for the mastery over my senses. Maria never before appeared so interesting or so lovely to my eyes: I strained them on her fastly receding form, and at the last look uttered a blessing on her.

My old mare, always patient, had never more occasion for that virtue than at that very moment. She stood bridle-bound under the branch of the elder; her flanks, her eyes, and nostrils assailed by myriads of blood-sucking flies, the harbingers of rain. My coming to her rescue was a most grateful relief: replacing the rude security of the stone against the door of the hovel, I remounted, and was in due time at my quarters.

Here a fresh difficulty assailed me. An action had been fought in Flanders, which it became the policy of the government to blazon forth as a victory; and I had scarcely time to dismount ere old Robin, who had just heard the rumour at the post-office, most anxiously inquired into the particulars, which, he concluded, I must have heard at the head-quarters of the * * * militia.

Having listened to as much of *his* version of the story as would afford me some clue, and having but two days before very carefully examined on the map the position of the belligerents, I affected to know more than I thought it prudent to express; but touching the chord which I knew would be most pleasing to him, I remarked—"Your beloved Lord has nobly sustained the honor of his name and blood." A blessing on that name, and a tear of joyful pride followed this random intelligence; but in extolling the noble courage of a Moira, who could risk the truth?

Evading the anxious Robin's questions with all my address, I was in a few hours enabled to gratify his wishes, by affording him a sight of the newspaper brought to me from Trim, with a very

obliging note from the Major, offering me the service of his drums and fifes at the ensuing fair of Templemore.

To prepare my party, now increased to fourteen by the acquisition of some fine youthful recruits, for this forthcoming display, was a welcome employment to my mind; and the ambitious dreams of the young soldier dissipated for the time those painful thoughts which the reflections of the young libertine called up. I confined myself to the verge of our little village for some days, and, in the buoyant spirit of youth, had at times forgotten I was the *guilty thing* my folly made me, when the visit of that mysterious personage, Honor Carey, opened every wound of my heart afresh. She was at this time the bearer of neither letter nor message. Watching for me in one of my solitary walks, when the falling twilight scarcely enabled me to discover her figure, she suddenly broke on my view. I involuntarily held out my hand as if expecting a letter; hers hung by her side immovable. Instead of bringing me information, she impatiently inquired whether I had not something to tell her: on replying *no*, she appeared not only agitated but

sorrowful, and after a pause she spoke, not to me, but to herself, in these words:—

"Well, darling! may be they 'll not let you write; but no matter. Please God, I 'll see you in spite of them before Saturday night, any how." So bestowing on me an Irish blessing, she was about to depart, when I pressed some silver into her hand, and begged her to give me some information as to Miss Maria; but all that she afforded me was, that she was "*off*" by desire of the master to Connaught; but more she would not tell: indeed she expected from me that information which I in vain sought from her.

I no longer urged her stay, and she was in a few moments lost in the shade of the departing day.

The perturbation of my mind now found a temporary relief in sleep. But my morning's reflections overwhelmed me with remorse; and I looked forward to the *fair-day* with the same feeling that the criminal would to that of his trial.

CHAPTER VI.

> And what's her history?
> A blank, my lord; she never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek!

THE dreaded day arrived, however, and at an early hour my party were on the march, presenting an appearance so clean and soldier-like, that even in these days of military improvement it would not have shamed their leader.

Our entrance to the town was greatly impeded by the droves of cattle pouring in from all quarters, generally as wild as the natives of the *Llanos;* and sad was the confusion and dismay caused by the rattling sound of the two best drums of the —— militia, to which my friend the Major had added the service of his fife-major, who, in addi-

tion to his other accomplishments, was the very best piper on the Leinster side of the Shannon.

Our banners having been hung "*upon the outer walls*" of the Nag's Head, and our head-quarters for the day established, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. Temple. This was to him a busy day: surrounded by dozens of persons, he found means however to disengage himself for a minute, while bestowing on me his usual kind and gracious reception, which, while it stung me to the heart at my own unworthiness, convinced me that his daughter's removal was in no manner connected with my name or proceedings. He turned me loose into the house to make myself "*at home,*" as he expressed it, while he pursued his occupations with the many who were in attendance on him.

The announcement of my name soon brought the lovely Maria, for I hated the sound of Mrs. Tom, to my presence: with that amiability and sweetness of manner which scorns all affected reserve, she almost flew to receive my extended hand, which, catching both of hers, eagerly guided them to my lips; an action which she hardly opposed, though it was one she evidently would

have avoided. Falsehood and hypocrisy almost strangled the question in my throat, when I faintly asked for her sister; and my effort to appear surprised when informed she had gone to Carrick for a month on a visit, would have struck any one less artless, and less honorable than that matchless woman!

A stranger to falsehood and dissimulation herself, the idea of their existence in my breast never entered her virtuous mind. In the midst of her delicate reproaches for leaving the house so suddenly on my last appearance there, she betrayed so much emotion when alluding to the painful circumstances that led to it, that if my heart had not before idolised her, gratitude alone would have made me her slave for ever.

The cause of that meeting had never been explained to her, and it was for me too tender a subject to enter on, professing and feeling, as I did, the most devoted though ~~helpless~~ passion for herself. All I could venture to say was, that some busy person had poisoned Mr. Arabin's mind with a belief that, by taking some unwarrantable freedoms with his name, I had caused some coolness between Miss Temple and

himself; but that, before we separated, all his suspicions had been removed, and I expressed my belief that he would be the first person to defend my name against any dishonorable attack. A deep blush, the first I ever saw tinge her lovely face, gave it an additional interest and beauty as she uttered, "Poor Maria!" She had now evidently gone too far to preserve longer silence on a subject which affected her gentle heart; and proceeded to give me that history of Lieutenant Arabin's love, which follows.

"Shortly after I came from India—"

"From India!" I exclaimed with unfeigned astonishment; "from India! O then I was not mistaken; you are not the creature of our grosser clime. Forgive me, and proceed."

"About six months after I came from India," continued the charmer, "my uncle came to Bath, to receive me from the hands of the lady to whose care I had been entrusted by my mother." Here a sigh swelled her snowy bosom, and tears filled her eyes—they were not so much the tears of tender recollection as those of suppressed indignation struggling for concealment.

"Maria accompanied him: warm-hearted, generous, and susceptible, beautiful in face and figure, and with all her country's freedom of manner, she was an object of universal admiration. It being a period of the year when Mr. Temple's absence from Ireland could best be admitted, he prolonged his stay in England for some months: with circumstances equal to the indulgence of every liberal feeling, he gave us the unrestrained enjoyment of every amusement that gay region afforded. Our stay was one unvaried round of pleasure; but certain circumstances in my humble history which my heart could not overcome, cast a shade of sorrow over me, which not all the affectionate solicitude of my cousin and kind uncle (to me a father) could remove.

"The crowded assembly, the gaiety of the gardens, or the lovely promenades, seemed to me dull and monotonous; while to the delighted Maria they appeared the brightest portion of her existence, and indispensable to her happiness. She had been admired by so many, and had been so impartial in her return of their courtesies, that I believe she knew not herself to whom she would award the preference of her tender regard,

had the choice been left her; but inexperienced as I was, I could perceive that she took her leave of Bath with the less regret, when it was mentioned that Colonel Arabin and his young nephew and supposed heir were to become our fellow-travellers.

"This was the commencement of Maria's intimacy with James Arabin, one of the best of creatures. We assembled at the conclusion of each day's journey, and finally embarked in the same packet for Dublin, when we separated, in the expectation of soon again seeing our young friend at Templemore. You must allow me," said this angelic woman, "to pass over the events of a few months. Mr. Arabin during this period had been nominated to a lieutenancy in the regiment of which his uncle was lieutenant-colonel; and when he appeared amongst us in his new character of soldier with still greater advantage of person, he found Maria unaltered in beauty or attraction. In me, at sixteen, he found Mrs. Thomas Temple! The circumstances which led to this change, it is not necessary—it would be painful to enter into; it cannot—*must* not interest you!"

Could she have mistaken the source from

whence the sudden tear which then dimmed my sight arose? or could she, seeing it, repel the fond tribute which fell on her soft and silken hand, as I pressed it with fervency, almost devotion, to my heart and lips! O no! she felt it all;

> But deep within her breast the soft return concealed,
> Save when it stole in sidelong glances
> Down her modest cheek!

I was too happy in the consciousness of being understood. The feeling of that moment was an ecstasy worth a whole life of grosser pleasure. Almost locked in my embraces, I yet fondly gazed on her countenance, without attempting to repeat the violation of those lovely lips, which in a moment of thoughtless passion I had once profaned.

Proceeding with her story—"Young Arabin almost lived at our house; and, secure of his undivided affections, my gay cousin seemed too often to derive satisfaction in exciting suspicions in his ardent mind of the *certainty* of hers, by lavishing her attentions on others. Could she, I have often reflected, at once love and thus distract him? Her heart alone could answer the question. Some correspondence between the

colonel and her father caused the latter to enter into an explanation with James Arabin, which rendered him a greater stranger at our table. The old colonel, although he did not express his direct disapprobation of an alliance with our house, confidentially requested Mr. Temple to discourage that particular intimacy which he learned subsisted between the lady and his nephew, as it was his intention to send him abroad in His Majesty's service the ensuing year; adding, 'that if after three years' absence and service his wishes still continued the same, they should no longer be opposed.'

"'The young man was entirely dependant upon his uncle; but had he been otherwise, Mr. Temple was above all deception. He entered at once into the views of the uncle, and strictly enjoined Maria to preserve the most guarded conduct. But now that opposition was once raised, all the fervour of her former passion seemed to revive. Arabin had, as we supposed, withdrawn from the neighbourhood; but it seems he had concealed himself in a village a few miles from hence, and had sought and obtained various interviews with his adored Maria. These

were all arranged by means of a worthless woman, of whom you may probably have heard—*Old Honor, the fortune-teller,* as she is called;" (the odious name went to my heart like an envenomed dart!) "but Mr. Temple having obtained secret information of these stolen interviews, all future intercourse, even by letter, was prohibited until young Arabin's return from abroad. He pledged his honor for the performance of the promise extracted from him, and which I believe on my soul he never violated.

"We heard some time since that he was going to embark with a part of his regiment for the West Indies; and the indifference with which Maria received the intelligence at once pained and surprised me. His reception some days since at Nutsford, on his sudden re-appearance, convinced me that some irreparable quarrel must have taken place, to account for Maria's neglect of her former lover. To add to my astonishment, a few days after you last left us, Maria became all at once thoughtful, reserved, and silent. That ardent, lively spirit, which seemed above control, appeared to sink under some hitherto unknown sorrow. She requested leave to pay a visit to

Oldford, where a relative of our family resides, about four miles distant; with whom, however, she passed but a week or two, returning still more altered in appearance. Her father's suspicions evidently pointed to young Arabin's re-appearance as the cause of this sudden alteration. He took an opportunity of demanding an explanation, the result of which, as regarded young Arabin's conduct, appeared fully to satisfy him; and he readily yielded to Maria's wish to accept the invitation of one of the ladies whom you met at this house, who was proceeding to Carrick for her approaching confinement. She is now in that part of the country.

"Various have been the conjectures of our neighbours; and poor dear Maria has been forced to pay the penalty of absence by having her actions and motives tortured in ten thousand ways, not the most good-natured, as you may suppose. But what will you think, when I tell you that even *you* have not escaped scandal?" I am sure guilt wrote its own condemnation in legible characters on my burning brow at that awful sentence; however, I had the address to conceal my shame under an affected indignation.

I knew not what to say in reply—I was silent, but my thoughts were busy, coupling the gentle Maria's story with what I had previously heard from old Robin—the ardent temperament of the lady, and the villainous capability of the old woman for any act of mischief. I set it down that the unfortunate Maria had surrendered the jewel of her honor to the young and handsome Arabin, in one of those stolen interviews promoted by that wretched pandar the fortune-teller. I was wrong; my silence was attributed to motives more honorable to my heart; and when this loveliest sample of her sex's purity rose to depart, for a short interval I was almost riveted to my chair in silence and abstraction: it was not until she had nearly reached the door that I found energy to spring to it, and uttering a few incoherent words, took my leave of her until the dinner hour.

Every thing around me recalled the idea of the exiled Maria. I could not for a moment doubt that her absence was the effect of our unfortunate intimacy; but to what cause to attribute that sudden depression of spirits so feelingly described by the gentle Maria, I could not at

that moment conjecture. Her anxiety to escape from that home where she reigned the happy mistress, was a mystery which all my penetration could not unravel. How anxiously did I pant for the fulfilment of her parting promise—"*you shall know all!*"

Assuming a cheerfulness which my face could ill pourtray, I hurried into the busy throng; and as high noon was now approaching, prepared for the important business of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

How merrily we live that soldiers be.

I WAS not without competitors in the field. Not less than four other recruiting parties had arrived in the course of the morning, and established their quarters in various parts of the straggling town. Only one of this number was attended by an officer, a young second lieutenant of the Royal Irish Artillery, fresh from the county of Antrim, and a staunch Orangeman, who evidently took the field on the strength of the Protestant ascendancy, as his drummer and fifer appeared to be incapable of playing any other than the hacknied party tunes of the

"Protestant Boys," "Boyne Water," &c. &c. Having met him at the office of the magistrate, where he had been to present his beating orders, and pay his respects, we became known to each other in an instant, and entered into an arrangement that we should beat up through fair and town alternately one hour each, so as not to interfere with each other; and an agreement was entered into that any man under five feet eight inches, (the lowest standard at which artillery recruits were then accepted,) who might enter with his party, should be handed over to mine, on a *quid pro quo* to the serjeant.

I perceived in a few minutes' conversation that my rival was a youth of the strictest principles of morality. The smooth surface of his handsome, fair, face scarcely ever rippled into a smile: he was all attention to his duty, and appeared to enter into the business of the day with as much strictness to minutiæ as if still under the keen eye of that rigid tactician his father; who had just received the rank of Captain-Lieutenant, and was at the same time Adjutant, and *Preacher of the Gospel* to the 2nd

Battalion, Royal Irish Artillery. I anticipated an easy triumph over him in our day's labor; and his tall presbyterian sober serjeant had no chance, when opposed to the saucy swaggering Macnab, that prince of crimps; who, in addition to the gifts with which Nature had enriched him, was invested with unlimited credit on a barrel of ale which had been purchased out and out from our host of the Nag's Head, to honor his draughts *ad libitum*.

At twelve the artillery party headed by the steady Lieutenant took the lead, and beat the rounds of the fair for nearly an hour without picking up one recruit. At one my party were in motion: it seemed a little regiment when compared with the *six* individuals that composed the artillery party. Either my vanity or my zeal for the service induced me to head my party mounted; my horse's mane and headstall having been profusely ornamented with ribbands, the same as our cockades. Immediately in my rear marched the fife-major, splendidly set out, almost covered with silver lace, and followed by two drums and a fife,

rattling up the "*British Grenadiers*" in their very best style. Then came the chief actor in this military mummery, Serjeant Macnab himself, whose broad and shining face shed smiles of encouragement upon the gaping rustics that surrounded us. On the point of his sword was stuck a cockade, and a purse of guineas, (all *counterfeits*, it must be confessed,) which ever and anon he jingled with most attractive effect. The party, consisting of upwards of twenty men, who were set off to all advantage, marched in files; while Corporal Dumphy and another old soldier brought up the rear to encourage the wavering, and confirm the would-be heroes of the crowd.

On my return to the Nag's Head half the idlers of the fair were at our heels; and I had the satisfaction of seeing my serjeant touch the hand of some half dozen of them with ominous fervour; ornamenting their cobbeens (hats) with a huge cockade, and immediately passing round the gallon flagon of ale to the health of the new recruit. There was no resisting Mr. Macnab's complimentary eloquence. Dragging forth one

cross-made, red-legged bog-trotter, who was already half his own, he cried, "Gentlemen! only look at him! Point your toe, my fine fellow! I scorn to flatter any man, but I'll be d—d if he has not as fine a leg for a *boot* as ever was beheld!" The poor devil gulped down the compliment with a double dose of ale, and in one minute he had the King's shilling in his palm, and his cockade in his crownless hat.

Old Robin, exalted on a chair, harangued the crowd in the name of his "dear Lord" to join his standard; and although few were inclined to listen to the worthy old creature as he read, or attempted to read to them, the account of the late battle in Flanders, they unanimously drank the noble Lord's health, fame, and glory, and success to the "*brave ould Robin any how.*"

The activity and talents of Serjeant Macnab left me no laurels to glean, and I despaired of adding that day one man to my ranks by my own exertions, when my attention was suddenly directed to a young woman of very striking appearance, who, in company with a strolling tinker, occupied a small bench in front of the ale-

house. Her coal-black eyes shot fire at every glance. She had the appearance of one of those people called gipsies, of whom there are few if any in Ireland; yet that this woman was one of that extraordinary race, many of whom I had seen on my former journey to England, I felt satisfied; her companion was evidently not of her caste. I know not what suggested to me the idea of enlisting him, but once having taken it into my head, I determined to follow it up, leaving the entire field open to Mr. Macnab.

I retired into the house, and taking my post at the parlour window, before which the wearied couple had seated themselves, I threw up the sash and invited them both, in terms of kindness, to take some refreshment. No repetition of the compliment was necessary: the tinker shouldered his budget, and his wife threw her faded scarlet cloak over her shoulder, and in half a minute they entered the parlour with the most profound demonstrations of respect and gratitude. On desiring them to make themselves quite at home, the budget was deposited in a corner; and now divested of his load, I could not but admire the splendid bust of the

itinerant Vulcan: his lower limbs bore an unequal proportion to the upper, but they seemed all muscle and sinew. He appeared to stand about five feet seven; but, to my great dismay and disappointment, I perceived that, when he stood erect, his left foot but *half* rested on the floor, the heel being raised at least an inch. Whatever was my chagrin, I would not mortify the poor fellow by any observations on his apparent deformity; but ordering some eatables and plenty of ale, I left them to enjoy their God-send meal undisturbed and unrestrained by my presence.

I could not, however, keep long away from them; so returning in a quarter of an hour, I found the party increased to a trio, by no less a personage than Serjeant Macnab himself, who, attracted by a casual glance of the dusky beauty, had slipped in shortly after I had retired, and by the aid of a naggin of whiskey thrice repeated in ten minutes, had almost persuaded the vagrant tinker to become a gentleman soldier, and exchange his budget for the knapsack. The whiskey had thrown an additional firebrand into the eyes of the gipsy (as I must call her), and already had

they threatened destruction to the *magazine* of the susceptible serjeant's heart, when my presence fortunately prevented the explosion.

Flushed with the success and profits of the day—for he had a guinea for each recruit—he had been lavish of his praises on the dark beauty that sat beside him, and who seemed to have a perfect understanding with the strong-headed tinker as to the precise and proper lengths to which her gratitude should reach. After presenting Mr. Tim (or Thigue) to me as a candidate for military honors, the latter, on whom the two naggins of whiskey which fell to his share had no manner of effect, addressed me with honest candor in these words: "Captain, you took compassion on my poor wife and me to-day, when we hadn't a farthing to bless ourselves with, and I am the boy that won't deceive your honor: if you will take me, I'll list with you; and if you will only let me go to get myself shaved, never fear but you will see me here soon nate and dacent." Although I had ocular proof of his deficiency of limb, I immediately placed half a guinea in his hand, and he hastily departed, accompanied by his woman, neither of whom I

expected to see again. Recollecting, however, the *budget*, I cast my eyes to the corner, and beheld it in its place undisturbed. I reproached myself for the ungenerous suspicion, and thought better of poor Tim Rafferty.

Adjourning to the room where my party were enjoying their uproarious jollification, I was compelled to undergo the ordeal of putting the whiskey-glass a dozen times to my lips to do honor to the new soldiers. The crafty Macnab, to avoid intoxication, pleaded an obligation to the priest* to refrain from drinking spirits as a penance for some excess; an excuse which he knew would have its full force with all good Catholics; of which church, and indeed of any other in particular, the worthy crimp was not a member, that I could ever discover. Mr. O'Hara, the fife-major, who was, for abbreviation, called "major," now sat on a low stool, squeezing such mellifluous notes from his bagpipes, as first reconciled me to the sound of that hitherto execrable apology for music. The instrument, however, in his hands

* To go before the *priest* and make a vow to avoid strong liquors for a certain time as a *penance*, is a custom of great frequency in Ireland.

and under his arms, became to my fastidious ear a sudden treat. I knew not which to admire most, his allegro or penseroso style, his plaintive tune of "*Farewell to sweet Killevy,*" adapted by O'Keefe to his "Rose-tree in full bearing," or to that lively jig, "*High for the little cot under the hill,*" to which the same author adapted, "*How happy the soldier that lives on his pay;*"—they were both so delightful! the melancholy character of the first, and the numerous and fanciful variations which he introduced into the latter, still linger on my ear with delightful recollections.

In the midst of this merry rondo my tinker and his spouse appeared: the former, with cropt hair, well shaved face, and a clean shirt, seemed quite a different being; his wife, the *dark beauty*, appeared to have neglected herself in order to bestow all her attention on the master of her heart and the budget. The tinker had equipped himself with a pair of white stockings and rudely made pumps; and skipping into the middle of the floor, performed his share in a jig to the admiration of all the room: in fact, no one of the company seemed so light and active of foot. He seemed to

take particular pains to convince me that he was not the cripple I thought him.

At the conclusion of his feat, he was pronounced by all to be the "*best dancer on the flooór.*" There was no want of the fair sex in this assemblage, whose regret at parting with their bog-companions was drowned in the joys of song, of dance, and drink, and all the rude revelry of an Irish recruiting party.

The tinker's wife sat aloof; and though frequently invited to join the merry jig by my all-attentive serjeant, she declined that honor, and with equal constancy of purpose the proffered draughts of whiskey-punch, on which he hoped to float into the harbor of her good graces. Her eye was continually fixed on her poor Rafferty; except now and then a furtive and suspicious glance at me, which showed that she had thoughts in her view, which not all the boisterous merriment of the scene could chase away.

The time for my appearance at Mr. Temple's dinner table, and for that of the party in the fair being nearly arrived, I took my leave with a speech, which, to calculate by the applause that

followed, must have been highly effective: and in one way it undoubtedly was; it gave occasion for every man and woman in the room to drink my health; on *this* occasion too the gipsy did homage to the toast, for which, as I retired, I bestowed a tender pressure of the hand.

CHAPTER VIII.

By the hollow cask we 're told
How the waning *day* grows old.

On my passing through the thronged and blockaded street, I received ample testimonies of my popularity from the petty shopkeepers, who had erected show-stalls in front of their humble dwellings; while by the disbursement of a few shillings for gingerbread and treacle cakes I became the idol of all the little fry.

Thus receiving and dispensing favors, I made my way to the hospitable mansion of the magistrate just in time to say a few words to the beauteous Maria ere I joined his large party assembled for dinner. It was exclusively a gentleman's party; and the number seated at table

could not have been less than two dozen, amongst whom were two reverend magistrates, a captain and two subalterns of the Galway militia, and a lieutenant of the 7th Dragoon Guards; it having been judged necessary in these times to increase the local force in the neighbourhood, on an occasion where such large assemblages of the lower orders were collected, and where the festivities of the day but too frequently concluded in affray and bloodshed.

The young artillery officer was also present; and having had the start of me in introduction to the elder military men present, I was obliged to play second to him for some time; but when I came to recount my recruiting success, particularly on that day, which I fear I did with an air of malicious triumph, I received their general compliments.

The excellent dinner and its succeeding libations occupied but two hours. It was now *high-fair* time; and the magistrates felt it their duty to commence their perambulations, attended by the military gentlemen: still all this was done in the spirit of good-humour. There was no unnecessary display of force; and I could not suffi-

ciently admire the good feeling and good taste evinced by the Rev. Dr. Albright, himself an Orangeman, in requesting my young brother soldier of the Artillery to order his serjeant to remove the huge orange cockade which (in his zeal for the *High Church* and the *Royal Artillery*) he had just mounted on the point of his sword; a hint which enabled me in good time to avert the heavy censure which all parties must have bestowed on my serjeant; who, not to be outdone, had most sacrilegiously appended to the point of his sabre the rosary and cross of some pious papist; which I removed with my own hands, but with every mark of respect, urging as my reason that I considered it a profanation of the holy emblems. This sentiment quite pleased my auditors: the cross was replaced by the purse of guineas; which afforded Macnab an opportunity to sport some mettlesome jokes on the change.

The whiskey had already began to operate on the heads of some, and the shillelah on the heads of others: the roaring and singing within the tents could only at intervals be heard amidst the din of the drums, the piercing notes of the fifes,

and the squeaking of the bagpipes. My party had now swelled to thirty by the addition of our recruits; to which was to be added a crowd of vagabond followers, whose only business was to laugh at and cheer my serjeant's jokes; receiving an occasional draught of ale as the wages of their sycophancy.

Towards the evening symptoms of a gathering of the clans having shown themselves, and finding the magistrates retiring, I found myself critically circumstanced, and deemed it advisable to place the military on the alert. As decision, [illegible], is the soul of a soldier from the field-marshal down to that military mountebank the recruiting-officer, I at once formed my determination of retiring to our quarters. Having allowed the party a short quarter of an hour to drain the now hollow cask of its last gallon, I paraded them once more, and placing myself at their head, marched away with drums beating, pipes squeaking, and colours flying, amidst the drunken cheers of my ragged, liquor-laden supporters, who, one by one, as I expected and wished, dropped off as I ascended the hill leading from the town to the high-road,

and whose enthusiasm appeared to have evaporated with the last fumes of my ale cask.

The observant old Robin, who had watched the coming storm, was delighted at my making so timely and honorable a retreat, and was unbounded in his praise of my prudence. So long as my party was in the vortex of the fair or its vicinity, I never slackened pace, nor for a moment suffered the martial music to sink to a piano; but having passed the ascent and gained the high road, I ordered a short halt, and took that occasion to harangue the "boys" on the excellence of a tap of the real sort at the Royal Oak, but a mile a-head, which had been broached that morning for my party, and to the merits of which each thirsty expectant swore in unmeasured verse. "*For the Royal Oak, boys,*" was the word; and off we marched, the "major" tuning his pipes to the popular air of

"I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,"

which was ever and anon taken up by the fife and drums to the no small discomposure of the milking-maids on our route, whose lacteal labors

were thus so rudely frustrated: "*the cows affrighted, scampered wild.*"

Quite as good as my promise, the party were indulged with a full half hour's rest at the Royal Oak; and were liberally treated, *at their own expense,* to a plentiful supply of the "*home-brewed.*" My party arose from this brief carouse "*like recruits refreshed with ale;*" and we were once more on the move for our own quarters, which I was, on every account, desirous of reaching before the night-fall.

To effect this without too much distressing the party or forming a straggling rear, (for our march had now become a little of the zig-zag order,) I formed my files into sections, and marched in column, without other music than the songs volunteered by the party, relieved by an occasional lilt, or planxty, from the melodious tubes of that prince of pipers, Major O'Hara.

Amidst this merry party, one man seemed to feel his new situation sit awkwardly on him, and that was my tinker; particularly when more general attention than he seemed inclined to court had been drawn upon him by the song of

O tinker, O tinker, you are the VERY MAN!

given with all its native ribaldry, and with great humour and effect, by my reeling valet, (now lance-corporal) Husho. The countenance of the man of metal began to betray great anxiety, and that of his watchful wife expressed still more; which I found painfully increased as the village in which our quarters lay came in sight. The wife had relieved her husband of the charge of the budget during our stay at Templemore, by some arrangement to which I was a stranger, although a little anxious to learn something on the subject, with a prospective apprehension I confess of his giving me the slip. But all my inquiries were fruitless; the budget disappeared, and a small bundle served as the general depository of the united wardrobe of the wandering pair.

Arrived at Manor Rawdon, our entrance into the village was hailed by shouts and huzzas; and shortly after, the large room of the sheebeen was opened to all comers. Released from his vow of sobriety, without the intervention of the priest, Serjeant Macnab now indulged in deep libations; and, after bestowing due attention to the arrangement for the security of our volunteers, his next

care seemed to be to secure the wife of the tinker; for which laudable purpose he plied the husband with whatever of the best the house afforded. But as to his liquor he might as well have thrown it on a sand-bank; the all-absorbing powers of the tinker, and the wife's adhesion to her husband, baffled the serjeant's tactics; but his heart was so inflamed with love and whiskey-punch, that he determined to carry his prize by a *coup de main*. Intimating the necessity of Rafferty sleeping in the barrack barn, he undertook to procure a decent lodging for the wife in a contiguous cabin; an arrangement in which, to the great delight of the serjeant, the tinker cheerfully concurred. And when he came to make his evening report to me in the parlour, where, accompanied by the good old Robin, I was enjoying the excellent fare which my kind widow had provided, I could not but observe the unusual flush that overspread his ample face, and that restlessness, which is ever the attendant on excited hope and passion.

On giving my final orders for the night, and taking leave of the worthy Robin, I repaired to my chamber, and sank to sleep, while the hum of

many voices and the now faint drone of the drowsy bagpipe, died away on my ear.

I indulged in the luxury of a long morning sleep, and did not make my appearance amongst the revellers of the preceding night's debauch until the serjeant had restored the whole party to something like an appearance of order and sobriety. I then inspected my troops. It was easy to perceive, at the first glance, disappointment and chagrin lurking on the brow of the serjeant; and from the angry and reproachful looks cast by him on the tinker's treasure, I could read at once the history of her continence and his defeat. I must candidly confess that it gave me pleasure: why, I knew not; it was even to myself an undefinable sensation:—but so it was.

CHAPTER IX.

Help! help! unhand me, ruffians!

On a review of my party's strength I found that a march, and speedy one, to head-quarters was unavoidable; and I felt, alas! that this march was to be the last! the term fast approached when the regiment was to be inspected and passed. I seemed to awake from a dream of pleasure, as I viewed the course which stern duty prescribed; nor was I left long to indulge in my own speculations; for the post of that morning brought me one of the circulars addressed to all the recruiting officers of the regiment, ordering them to repair to head-quarters with their parties and recruits before the 10th of that month, two

days of which had already elapsed: a piece of intelligence which I thought proper to confine to my own keeping, for obvious reasons. I more than suspected that some of my recruits only waited the expenditure of the last shilling of their bounty to spare me the trouble of their further custody; and with so many facilities to escape, I am only surprised that the watchfulness of my serjeant and party was so successful as to prevent a single desertion.

The grand recruiting party, hitherto stationed at Dublin, having to pass within four miles of my quarters, it occurred to me that as the gentlemen volunteers from the metropolis would be pretty strongly guarded, their march through Somerston would afford me a very favorable opportunity of proceeding to head-quarters with every prospect of security. I lost no time in communicating with the commanding-officer there, in order to arrange for the junction of my party with his; and every thing was settled before even my serjeant was entrusted with the knowledge of it. I then set seriously to work to wind up all the concerns of my little establishment. Nothing had been suffered to run into arrear; the widow's

tally against the recruits having been cast up and paid every Sunday morning. The weekly and monthly pay-lists were with equal regularity paid up and receipted; so that all matters were in such a state as, without exciting particular attention, left me free to march at a few hours' notice. At each parade I ordered all the party to appear in marching order; and every day moved them a mile or two out of the village towards the Dublin road, by way of practice.

'On all these occasions my tinker's wife never left her husband's side; and the anxiety she betrayed to screen him from observation, by interposing her own person when any stranger chanced to cross our path, did not escape my eye.

That more than one of my recruits had previously enjoyed the sweets of His Majesty's *bounty*, I had very little doubt; but so long as I could make a safe delivery of the person of the hero at head-quarters, my mind had no qualms on the score of morality. Besides, it could not be expected that I would insist on any poor fellow convicting himself by confessing himself a deserter. I therefore received his preference of me as a compliment, and determined, as far as in me lay,

that the compliment should not be an empty one. While allowing them, therefore, the full enjoyment of the recruit's privilege, in dissipating the wages of their servitude, I left them to take care of their souls, and took on myself the care of their bodies.

The time now approached when I should bid farewell to my comely widow, who, little dreaming of her separation from her "*Cushla-ma-chree,*" as she called me, was every day bestowing on me fresh proofs of her fondness and (O, woman!) her gratitude!

One evening, having accompanied old Robin to his cottage door, attended by my faithful escort, Cromwell, I was on my return, and when within half a furlong of our quarters, was alarmed by the almost stifled shrieks of a female in distress. Drawing my sword, I flew to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, Cromwell bounding in advance; and after a minute's run, came in time to rescue from brutal outrage the tinker's wife!

Two of my recruits, whom I always suspected to be deserters, neither of them twenty years of age, had formed a scheme for deserting that night, and had so far worked on the fears of the wife of

the man of pots and kettles, as to induce her to enter into their plans. A place was mentioned where they were to meet. The wife was to retire first from the house, the others to join her as they found opportunities for escaping; they undertaking to bring over Rafferty to their plan. The unfortunate young woman repaired to the appointed rendezvous, momentarily expecting her husband and his associates, when she was joined by the two youths. Such characters were not very scrupulous about moral obligations; and drunkenness assisting the suggestions of depraved minds, they proceeded to that violence which my presence alone prevented their completing. The wretched woman had been almost strangled in her resistance to the ruffians, and in her struggle had been divested of a great portion of her already too scanty garments. She appeared fully sensible of her preserver's identity; but probably recollecting the *cause* of her being in that situation, she was struck dumb with shame—with gratitude—with self-reproach! Seizing one of the men by the collar, into which I firmly twisted my hand, I had much difficulty in restraining my canine ally from tearing the other to pieces.

Already had he been seized by Cromwell, whose fangs were fixed on his neck, sufficiently protected by his stock and collar to save his life. With my sword to the throat of the other I called lustily for help, and in a few minutes the corporal and my drunken, but attached Husho, were by my side armed.

The delinquents were marched off, and the poor gipsy left with me to tell her story. She strongly asserted the innocence of the tinker; that the whole scheme was of the two lads' forming; but she confessed that, anxious to get poor Rafferty away, she had consented to it, and the blame was attributable entirely to her. She would have told me more; but I already suspected (erroneously however) that the tinker was a claimable character by more than one recruiting party in the county. I stopped her history, being desirous, as far as I was concerned, to confirm him in his *irreclaimability*. We jogged on for some time. Strange thoughts flushed across my mind, as I placed my handkerchief over her now naked neck and shoulders. I thought, "'Tis not alone that Cæsar's wife be honest, but she should appear so." It just then occurred to me that

the tinker's wife in escaping from the frying-pan might tumble into the fire: so, to avoid accident, I despatched the handsome gipsy in advance, to be the herald of her own safety. And well it was I did; for the poor tinker, roused to a pitch of desperation by the hasty statement of his wife's danger, and the treachery towards me his benefactor, was with difficulty restrained from taking summary vengeance on all within his reach, when the appearance of his worst, or better half, calmed the tumult of his soul.

My entrance shortly after imposed silence on all. Ordering the tinker and his wife to follow me to the parlour at the other extremity of the house, I prepared myself to sit in judgment on the apparently guilty pair; but the beauty of the nearly half-naked gipsy pleaded too powerfully in her favor, to need the advocacy of my own ever-placable heart. Her devotion to the rugged tinker appeared inexplicable; yet there was in it that dash of romance which is ever attractive to the young and inexperienced mind. Poor Rafferty stood before me sobbing like a bear, yet bursting to exculpate himself; his muscles seemed to shrink with his spirits, and

once more I beheld the unfortunate left leg curtailed of its fair proportions. I expected nothing less than a reference to his deformity as his plea for seeking his discharge; but I wronged him: he stood before me in silence, as if awaiting his sentence.

As my eyes turned involuntarily on those of his penitent and weeping wife, I reflected, that if he did meditate desertion, it was at her persuasion, and could easily imagine the irresistible influence which such a being was capable of exercising over a man of ardent passions and desperate character. Condensing all I wished to impress on him in a short sentence, I said, "Rafferty, I assisted you in distress, I saved your wife from shame and dishonor; I now trust to your HONOR. Let me not be again deceived." He still sobbed, and remained fixed on the floor, muttering, "*only hear me, Sir;*" until I more than once desired him to depart, promising to forget the past, and trust him as he should prove himself deserving. The wife first found a tongue to thank me; but her soft and lisping voice was as dangerous as the glance of her tearful eye; so I dismissed them both as graciously as a certain flurry, which

I could not account for, would allow; and solaced myself after my night's adventure with the good cheer and company of my kind landlady; who every day could discover some new virtue in me to form a theme for her admiration, and an excuse for her fondness. But that which seemed to give her heart the greatest delight was my apparent abhorrence of the unfortunates of her own sex, who hung about my party like flies "round the honey-pot," so long as the tide of prodigality was in full flow: to say the truth, she became bitterly uncharitable towards that unhappy race, particularly when they ventured on the boldness of drinking the *Captain's health*, to quicken the circulation of an additional pint of the native.

The necessary preparations for the march awakened the poor widow to the sense of her approaching loss. She was but *half* the woman she had been in size and spirits, but even *that* half was quite enough for any moderate man. My serjeant, who had long formed deep designs on the tender widow's heart and tenement, seeing that his occupation as a crimp was on the wane, seriously turned his attention to the civil

duties of landlord of the Red Lion; and had during the last week devoted himself with unusual diligence to the arrangement and settlement of all old scores; and which zeal the grateful widow acknowledged by certain little treats in her own back room; given with such cordiality, that the serjeant already fancied himself the "man of the house." But poor Macnab was doomed to disappointment! Like an old soldier, he endeavoured to corrupt the garrison before he sounded the summons to surrender; but the widow's power of self-command over her passions was greater than her interested lover calculated on, and he was not the man of sufficient powers of persuasion, or person, to carry the outworks sword in hand.

I saw what was going forward, and inwardly wished the serjeant success; for although a regular crimp, he was not altogether a *bad* fellow. He found a salve for all compunctious visitations of conscience in the reflection that what he did was for the *good of his Majesty's service*, and that the end sanctified the means. He would have robbed the infant child of its last parent, or the helpless widow of her only son and support, by any stra-

tagem, so that he could add one recruit to the royal ranks. He was unprincipled from habit, not from choice, and would I am persuaded have made a very jovial and honest host of the Lion; but the landlady, who was "well to do in the world," was determined to have a "*man for her money;*" and it must be confessed that poor Macnab's person, before he was made up for the parade, exhibited fearful signs of the ravages of an ill-spent youth. His face, however, like a showy lying title-page, pledged itself to more than the volume could redeem: it was round and shining; like the sun on the dial of a tap-room clock. Liquor, good living, and a tight stock kept it in a regular glow; while the reckless cheerful temper of its owner enriched it with a constant smile. Then he could sing, and tell stories of the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, NAPPER TANDY, GENERAL ELLIOT, JULIUS CÆSAR, and the DUKE OF YORK; with all of whom he swore he had served, and would long since have been made a captain by the Duke; but His Royal Highness said,—"Macnab, my boy," *says he,* "I would have given you a captaincy at the siege of *Valenceeny,* but if I did,

d— me but I should have lost the best serjeant in my army!"—"Well said, serjeant," cried Husho. "Blow me from the muzzle of a twenty pounder if it's not fact," vociferated the serjeant. But neither song, nor story, nor swagger, could find due favor in the eyes or breast of the widow; and poor Serjeant Macnab abandoned the siege in despair.

CHAPTER X.

O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!

THE awful day of departure at length arrived. Anxiety for the safety of my charge, and other weighty matters, had allowed me but little sleep for the last two nights, and that day broke on my unfinished slumbers with an unwelcome light. I was about to remove, perhaps for ever, from the loved being, whose virtues, not less than her exquisite beauty, were the object of my dreams by night and my thoughts by day. I should, however, see her once more: that was some balm to my sinking heart. I was also destined to take a long farewell of that affectionate and worthy old man, Robin O'Farrell: his honest heart seemed

ready to burst as he pressed my hand in his powerful grasp, and attempted to speak. I anticipated the request that hung upon his lips, though his tongue was unable to give it utterance, by assuring him that on my march through Dublin I should wait on the good Countess and express my gratitude for all the care and kindness I had experienced from him, and how worthily he had fulfilled the task of duty imposed on him by that most amiable of women; nor should I forget to impress on her ladyship, that she had not on earth a more devoted, attached servant, than her faithful Robin O'Farrell!

"One word more, Sir," sobbed the old man—"My Lord, Sir; my *good—my brave Lord—*," his tears interrupted him. I understood him, however. —"I know what you would say, Robin. We are, I believe, to form a part of the troops now about to embark to reinforce the army under his Lordship; and as I shall be the bearer of letters to him, an opportunity will be afforded me of doing justice to your merits; which I shall do, Robin, with all the warmth of a heart grateful for your attachment and kindness to me."—"Tell him, Sir," said the old man, recovering himself,—"tell him

that old Robin, who first taught him to fire a shot, still lives to bless his honored name, and by day and night offers up to Heaven his humble prayers for his glory—for his honor and welfare!" What could I do, but give the promise? and it so happened, that before the end of the ensuing year I had the opportunity of fulfilling that promise;—and the warm sensibility of heart with which my communication was received by that illustrious nobleman, established in my mind his claim to that devoted affection which he won from all who came within the sphere of his benevolent regards;—and still more of gratifying the delighted old man by a letter conveying the grateful intelligence—the last happiness, perhaps, he ever enjoyed on this earth, as his death took place the following year.

As for the widow, when she saw my squad paraded, she was inconsolable; her heart was full; her *tap* was empty; all the saints in her calendar were invoked for my protection. An ambrosial kiss from the pouting lips of the sweet Matty Malone closed a long and fervent benediction, and I took leave for ever of the loveliest of *fat* landladies!

An hour's noisy march brought my party to

Somerston, which village we found had been occupied the preceding night by the Dublin party, accompanied by a serjeant and fourteen men of the 34th regiment, attending as a kind of *complimentary guard.* The batch of recruits from Dublin consisted of nearly one hundred men, including crimp serjeants and lance-corporals, employed for the job, and whose chief business now was to act as whippers-in on the march and turnkeys at night.

The squalid appearance of by far the greater number of the recruits showed them to be of that wretched whiskey-drinking class, the lower order of artizans, with which Dublin then, and indeed always abounded; but their spirits seemed to be elevated by the sight of the extensive fields of waving corn and distant mountains, objects which they had heard of, but to which their miserable habits had hitherto made them strangers.

The party was commanded by a lieutenant and quarter-master, a half-crazed, half-crafty kind of fellow, who had been originally a tailor, or *clothier,* as he softened it down. His profession brought him in contact with the colonel, and he was appointed quarter-master. Amongst many other

follies, he prided himself on being the best likeness of *Henry the Eighth* extant; and to indulge this fancy had disfigured himself with a hat exactly like that in which the bluff monarch of many wives is usually represented.

From his pickings as quarter-master, having charge of the barracks, or rather barricadoed house in Dublin, called "head-quarters," where the *volunteers* were *imprisoned*, the providing of slop clothing, shirts, shoes, stockings, and cockades, he was very soon enabled to purchase an ensigncy and lieutenancy, still retaining the *quarter*-mastership,—the best *quarter* in his escutcheon; a plurality of offices, perfectly allowable in those days. But that which gave strength to the wings of his ambition was the possession of a very pretty wife; a mine of wealth to a speculative husband like him, who knew the value of the shares in it. He had none of those scruples which maddened the jealous Moor, and, if report spoke truth, could

Keep a corner in the thing he loved for others' use—

when there was a 'proper con-si-de-ra-tion! But when he saw his "flattering ruin" lavish-

ing her smiles or favors on some *needy subaltern*, with no other recommendation than a handsome person and wheedling tongue, the husband's *honor* became roused, and he blustered like his prototype; but it was all bluster: a hint from the wife, and a threat to "part convoy," always procured an armistice.

There was, however, with his present party not one calculated to excite unpleasant feelings in his not over-delicate mind. Ensign Badcock, his second in command, was a fat, punchy, waddling little fellow of thirty, pock-marked, and blind of an eye; but full of fun, and ever ready with a song, which only wanted the adjuncts of taste and voice to render it agreeable to his hearers. His "Death of Wolfe," and his "High-mettled Racer," were both chanted in the same tune and time. The next in honor and command was a sickly looking lad, named Laidlow, equally unable to ride on horseback, or march on foot; following the party in funeral pace upon a country car, attended by some of the Dublin graces, smoking their short pipes, and improving the effluvia thereof by a drop of whiskey at every sheebeen they met with in the line of march.

At the head of the party marched two *volunteers*, gentlemen candidates for commissions—a sad ordeal!

This party, after much trouble, had assembled, and were already paraded for the advance, when the faint notes of my whiffling fifer gave signal of our approach; and great was the surprise of *Harry the Eighth*, as he was nicknamed, when he beheld my troops. He had calculated on seeing some score of half-clad, rough-headed country fellows, only distinguished from the rabble by the cockade; but the broad and double-chinned visage of his highness of the hat gave evident tokens of surprise and satisfaction at their clean and soldier-like appearance. Every man of them was equipped from head to foot in the regimental dress, such as was then fixed on: every head was powdered and surmounted by the cap, tuft, and brilliant cockade.

I had all the morning been endeavouring to impress on my squad the manœuvre of forming a decent front when halted; and considering the stuff on which I had to practice, it is astonishing how well they executed the task. When we faced the formidable line of ragamuffins from the

metropolis, and I had given the word "*Stand at ease,*" the simultaneous slap of the hand sounded to my ears as grateful as the first thunder of applause from the pit to the flattered senses of the trembling debutant. Walking boldly up to the commanding-lieutenant, I paid my respects, and thrust into his hand a neatly folded "Return" of the squad. This was a ceremony which he appeared at first not to understand; but which, when he did comprehend, gave rise to encomiums on myself and party.

My arrival caused a further delay in the march of the main body; during which time old Robin's mare once more had joined me.

After a "*standing drink*" of ale to each of my party, all were ready for the start, and off we marched; the metropolitans in front; my party hanging on their rear like a corps of observation, not imitation.

CHAPTER XI.

There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint, and motion of her body.

JUST as we had passed the last house of the village, the quarter-master's lady skimmed by me at a hand gallop, dressed in a blue riding-habit, and hat decorated with the regimental cockade. Being myself equally well mounted, I gave chase, and overtook the lady before she reached the head of the column, time enough to pay my respects in the ready language of the "*service;*" and to perceive that they were not the less acceptable from not having been warranted by any previous introduction. Arrived at the "*Old King's Head,*" a term which I could not in my own mind refrain

from bestowing on the quarter-master, I dismounted, and respectfully invited—nay, insisted on his riding a couple of miles on my nag. An expressive glance at his lady satisfied *her*, at least, to whom the husband was indebted for this compliment. After many affected scruples on his part, I at length prevailed on him to mount; and the comfort he enjoyed in his short ride determined him to abandon the heroic resolve with which he set out on his first military movement—namely, to march at the head of his men like a soldier;—like a tailor he certainly might; but as to the soldier, that was a character he never was born to fill.

There was little ceremony in making an acquaintance with honest Ned Badcock; and I had not been ten minutes in conversation with this jovial fellow before my vocal powers were put to trial, with which he seemed vastly pleased. His memory was the depositary, of the words at least, of every song written and published during the preceding twenty years. But that which at present seemed to take entire possession of his mind, now fired with military glory, was the delightful doggrel of which the following is an extract:—

A soldier, he boldly walks the town,
And he cares a d—n for no man,
He stares at the lord, at a squire looks down,
And he takes the right of a yeoman.
Hark to the drum, it beats come, *come!*
To arms, to arms! with pike and gun,
For Britain's right, we'll boldly fight,
To drive the French before us.
Strike home every one, and we will be victorious.

The looks of ineffable contempt thrown on him by the quarter-master's lady would probably have checked his mirth, could he have perused them; but she took either the mean, or humane advantage of getting on the blind side of him; thus affording the lookers-on the evidence of that scorn of which the object was happily unconscious.

There is a tendency in minds tainted with the sin of personal vanity to be drawn towards each other by those hidden principles of attraction which are too subtle for even the possessors to perceive. I admired myself *in* that flattering mirror, the face of the quarter-mistress, in which I saw myself, as I imagined, reflected with ten thousand advantages; while she, on her part, felt conscious of the power of her beauties, from

the expressive ardour with which my eyes shot back on herself the dazzling brightness of her own. She was a most seducing woman, and would have been sufficiently beautiful in the charms of her natural countenance without; "*the aggravations of art;*" but her ambition was to *kill* not *wound*. Any thing short of the most warm and impassioned declaration would have appeared dead and cold to her.

As I walked occasionally at her "off-side," she had no occasion to doubt the magnetic power of her charms on me. At length it became my turn to ride. The two miles were traversed, and the lady was, I dare say, promising herself an agreeable *tête-à-tête*, when I announced the necessity of my making a little detour, in order to take leave of some friends at Templemore. This communication threw an expression of anger into the countenance of this beautiful self-willed woman, which, young and ardent as I was, held out a salutary caution to me. The husband, I could perceive, was not quite at his ease at seeing his wife become so familiar with an acquaintance of half-an-hour's standing; and all my affected reserve of manners did not prevent the green-eyed

monster from making an occasional flit across the watchful eye of the man of measures, on the lady proposing to accompany me to Templemoré, in order to *see* that place; a proposition which I could not resist were my intentions merely as I had said to bid good bye to a *gentleman* in that place. How great was my satisfaction when I heard old Harry put his veto on the matter in a gruff "*Pshaw!—nonsense!—Stay where you are, woman!*" to which she replied in terms not over-gracious. But I had already dropped in the rear, not wishing to interpose even by looks in domestic broils.

Having been nearly an hour from my own party, I now viewed the excellent order of their march with much pleasure, and took care that they should all hear the encomiums I passed on them as I stood to see them pass in march. In my address to Serjeant Macnab, I bestowed a cheering word on all the recruits, and particularly on *Tinker Rafferty*, from whose side I, for the first time, missed his wife. "Well, Tim," said I, "how does the march agree with you?" (glancing at his sinister heel.)—"Oh! *famously*, your Honor," replied the tinker, marching at the same

time, as indeed he did all the morning, with firm step and upright carriage, and more than usually sober and reflective. "Where 's the wife, Tim?" "Why, then, please your Honor, poor Ruth's feet are blistered, and she's gone to get a lift on the car that 's following." I tarried for the coming up of the car, on which were lying fast asleep, the sun raising blisters on their exposed and bloated visages, four unsightly females of the gang that had followed the Dublin party, many more having dropped off, tired of the expedition, or lying drunk at public-houses. Ensign Laidlow endured the horrors of this station with great philosophy: he sat reading under the shade of an umbrella, part of which screened Rafferty's wife from the fierce noon-day sun. It was sheer kindness on his part: there was not a particle of gallantry in the act; the poor ensign just then detested the word. After a few words of condolence bestowed on my brother ensign, I inquired of my gipsy the state of her feet, which the sharp limestone had sadly annoyed. I sympathised with her, and recommended her to remain on the car all the march, and that I would allow Tim to keep her company for an

hour or two every day. She looked her thanks; and fixing her fine black eyes on me with a look of great anxiety, she slipped off the car, and asked if she might make bold to speak to me. I pulled up, and dismounted, while the car proceeded.

Now the road was of that undulating character, which rendered the object in advance, or in rear, occasionally invisible, except when on gaining an ascent, the grand line of road became visible. As the car gradually disappeared, in a few minutes we were alone! She approached me with an air of great agitation, and I could perceive the tears start into her brilliant eyes as she attempted to make her apologies for her ungrateful behaviour, as she termed it, towards me. I took her hand in token of my perfect forgiveness;—but such a hand! it was like that of an Asiatic, quite as dark, but as soft, small, and pliant: it seemed to dissolve to nothing in my grasp:—I could not part with it. I seized the lovely gipsy in my embrace, and while bestowing a kiss on her burning lips, a thought of the poor tinker flashed across my mind. "*Poor Rafferty! it is now my time to prove my honor.*" It was a happy, though a momentary thought. Offering her some money to buy shoes,

which she gratefully thanked me for, but declined. I hurried forward to halt the car for her approach: that she had some communication to make to me beyond bare apology for her frustrated plan at Manor Rawdon, I felt confident. That I should perhaps have sought to enforce that expiation of her offence, which youth, circumstances, and opportunity might suggest, may have entered her calculations, and would have been submitted to without resistance or displeasure were equally probable; but still there was on her part nothing on which I could fix the crime of guilty intention; I *wished* for, yet *feared*, an opportunity for further explanation. What could she have been? Her accent was not that of the Irish peasantry, nor yet partook of slang so disgusting (to my ear at least) as that of the English gipsy; I even thought it that of a foreigner rather than a native. In person, face, and form, she was exquisitely handsome; had she all the advantages of cleanliness and dress, she would have been (in look at least) superior to any woman I had for a long time seen, inferior only to that lovely being my *adored* (but not for me) Maria. By what chance had her fate been linked with that of the poor profligate Rafferty? These thoughts were speedily

chased away by the near approach to that turning in the road which led to Templemore, and I once more gained the head of the column, just as a treaty of peace; for the day had been concluded upon between the quarter-master and his high-minded helpmate: taking my leave of whom with a touch of my hat-cap, which (although not quite so much out of character, was almost equally ridiculous as the Harry-hat of her husband,) called for her praise and admiration, I set off for my friend Mr. Temple's house, and arrived at one o'clock, just the time when, after the due discharge of the household duties of the morn, Maria and her sister, when at home, usually devoted an hour or two to reading, music, or work. On this occasion, instead of stopping at the Nag's Head, I rode up direct to the house, hitching my bridle to the coach-house door. The stilly silence of the town, which had poured out all its able-bodied inhabitants into the fields to assist in getting in the harvest, presented a sad contrast to the noise and bustle which it exhibited on my last visit: even that had its effects on my spirits; and heavily and sadly my heart beat, as I found admittance into the ample porch of my kind and

hospitable friend's dwelling. He had been in his fields all the morning, superintending his workmen, and was just refreshing himself after fives hours' labour, his beloved daughter-in-law waiting on him like a ministering angel. When I was announced, the same burst of generous welcome which always greeted me followed it, while the too dear Maria ran to receive me with all her wonted warmth and sweetness of manner. It appeared an age since we separated: the kind father took my hand with a flattering expression on my discretion in leaving the fair as early as I did, while the gentle Maria still farther established her claim to my gratitude and love, by expressing the happiness she felt when the riot commenced, at hearing that I had prudently retired. Now this, in ordinary cases, would only be received as a customary compliment—words of course; but to my anxious heart, and eager ear, they sounded deliciously. My spirits rallied with this reception, and I soon sat down to share my friend's slight repast. Time fled. I amused them with a description of my lieutenant and his hat; his lady and her mask of paint. My tinker and his spouse were not forgotten; and from my

description of the latter, and the conjectures I ventured to express of her Oriental origin, Maria's curiosity was highly excited. She half proposed a walk to the road-side, yet checked herself on reflecting that the old gentleman had already experienced more than usual fatigue that day.

When I inquired for Miss Temple, the old gentleman answered, "Quite well, I hope;" at the same time interchanging a look with Maria, which perplexed me not a little. I rose to depart; yet again seated myself two or three times. I looked into the garden, and admired its beauties: it called up painful recollections. I descended the flight of steps on pretence of plucking a flower, hoping to be followed by Maria; but that hope was at once wrecked when she called me back to present me with one which she had just gathered. I received it with a worse grace than any favor she had hitherto deigned to bestow on me; and she seemed to guess the cause. When, however, the moment for separation arrived, her agitation, which was equal to my own, could not have escaped her father's observation, had she not hastily retired from the room, after such a delightful pressure of my hand, as as-

sured me I had not lost any portion of her good-will—a feeling of happiness which was confirmed at my seeing her at one of the windows taking a last look at me, as I rode up the town accompanied by those strong tokens of regard, the value of which are enhanced by distance. In a few minutes I lost sight of Templemore; but my heart—my grateful soul was there.

To the very last moment the kindness of the father was warm and unceremonious; and as I poured out my wishes for *his happiness*; I almost sunk under the sense of that deadly guilt, which, if once known to him, would have destroyed it for ever:—But Providence spared him that pang!

CHAPTER XII.

All conquering heat: oh! intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce!

It was about two o'clock: the sun raged with intense fierceness; man and beast had each sought the shade; all nature was languid; the very birds were wrapt in silence. Plodding along in melancholy mood, with a heart oppressed by a thousand painful reflections, my head weak and giddy with wine and the heat, almost sinking under the oppressive sunbeams, I proposed to myself a short repose under a huge tree which spread its inviting shade around near the junctions of the roads,—when fate once more threw across my path that ominous ministress of crime, the fortune-teller! She had posted herself at the

foot of that solitary tree, and broke suddenly upon my sight as if she had sprung from the earth. It so happened that precisely at that moment memory had brought the figure of the hag before my mind's eye, as she passed me in that precise spot many weeks before with finger on lips and hurried pace: the *thought* and the spectral appearance of the sibyl were simultaneous. I should have doubted the evidence of my senses had not my mare almost flung me from her back by the violent start which the old woman's sudden appearance caused; and she was already on her way to Templemore, full gallop, ere I recovered my presence of mind and—my *stirrups*. These once more my own, the still trembling animal suffered me to proceed towards old Honor Carey, who opened the colloquy in her own peculiar way.

"Och! then its here I am, your honor, after many a day and night's sorrowful travel; and its little good for me after all; for you 'll NEVER see Miss Maria again! Here 's a letter from the dear child—the last she 'll ever write to you; which I swore to give into your own hand, or DIE! And sure enough I'd like to '*die the death*' this

blessed morning when I went to Manor Rawdon, for the widow Malone (bad fortune to her, and hers!) set the dogs upon me; and only for ould Robin, it 's myself that would be kilt entirely. Musha, then, good luck and grace to the ould man for the rest of his days for that same; and it 's the first time I ever wisht it to him." Poor widow! thought I: kind forgiving Robin! I snatched the letter, and read these words:—

"When these sad lines meet the eye of my beloved Moore, Maria Temple will be lost to the world and its joys."

I could read no more. The icy hand of death seemed to have clutched me in its cold grasp. I should have fallen had not the fortune-teller caught me as I slid from my saddle, and borne me to the shelter of that tree whence she had so lately emerged. Some minutes must have elapsed ere I recovered my perfect senses: when I did I found the old woman, who had removed my neckerchief, chafing my temples with *whiskey* (that general panacea for all complaints), from a small bottle, which she no doubt always carried. The drop which she poured down my throat had

probably more effect in my restoration than all she lavished on my pale temples. In a short time I felt myself sufficiently collected to ask some questions; but the hag either could not, or would not satisfy my anxious inquiries. Her constant reply was only, "Wooras throo!—wooras throo!—*read the letter, read the letter.*" Alas! I had read too much for my own peace. Bestowing on the old woman a *guinea*, more in memory of the unfortunate Maria than as a reward for her vile services, I hastily pursued my route; but not until the sibyl with her departing good wishes *pronounced my fate and fortune!* Strange to say, her predictions in the outline have to a letter been fulfilled.

I once more ventured to peruse the letter which relieved in some degree my first dreadful apprehension.

"When these sad lines meet the eye of my beloved Moore, Maria Temple will be lost to the world and its joys! That *name*, hitherto a stranger to dishonor, must not be disgraced; under *another*, I may endure a life of disappointment and broken hopes.

"I promised to explain all to you, but that all is comprised in a sentence. Need I be more explicit? A cruel necessity compels me to a double deception, but the peace of a fond father must be preserved. We must meet no more! Honor, duty, penitence for my past error, all forbid me even to think of you.—Farewell! and for ever!

"MARIA."

* * * * *

I had little idea of the rapid progress made by the marching party, for I rode upwards of an hour at the mare's best pace before I overtook it. The whole body had bivouacked under the widely-spreading branches of the lofty trees of Castle Nugent Park, about half a mile beyond the town of that name. A cart-load of provisions, and half a barrel of ale had been purchased on marching through: and the several serjeants, like patriarchs of old, were presiding over the rural repast of their several tribes. Mine under the tutelage of the indefatigable Macnab, seemed to enjoy the new bread, Kinnegad cheese, and Mullingar ale, in all the comforts afforded by their beechy shade.

As my party had preserved their regular dis-

tance from the main body, they were the first to engage my attention. A kind cheer hailed my approach; but a recognition of a marked and respectful character awaited me from the tinker, who, a little separated from his comrades, was enjoying his humble meal with the partner of his miserable pilgrimage, in apparent content, if not happiness. He sprang on his feet as I approached; his wife accompanying the movement by a similar mark of respect. I stopped one moment to bestow a word of kindness, when poor Rafferty stepped up to me, and pointing to his wife, addressed me as follows: "That poor creature would have been a lost and ruinated woman but for your Honor; and to save poor Thigue Rafferty, she would take all the blame on herself. O! Ruthy, jewel! it 's little you expected this when you crossed the seas!—but no matter, darling! I 'll live and die for you! Only, your Honor, as I was telling you, poor Ruth had no more to do with the villains' desertion than your ownself, Heaven spare you! Howsomdever, Byrne and the other *villain* are to-the-fore any how: it was *them* that laid the *skame* to get out the wife. Ruth, darling, why don't you speak, and tell the

captain all the truth; didn't I always say I would go to the world's end for HIM?" A silent tear was all the corroboration she offered to establish poor Rafferty's innocence; but it was quite sufficient. It then occurred to me that the poor girl wished to exculpate herself in the morning, but failed in her effort when the opportunity was presented. I spoke to both in the kindest manner; and poor Rafferty, "albeit unused to the melting mood," almost shed tears of gratitude at my behaviour to him and his poor wife.

The attachment of such a creature to an object like my tinker-recruit was a mystery; not that there was any thing forbidding in the fellow's appearance. He could not be above thirty years of age; his countenance when sitting with his wife, enjoying their humble fare, was one of kindness and benevolence; and his in moments of gaiety, full of humour. It was only when under the debasement of drink, or when ruffled by the untimely jokes or sneers of his comrades, that it assumed that character of ferocity, which struck terror into the offenders. I could not but observe that he watched every motion of the serjeant with particular scrutiny,

excited no doubt by certain very natural suspicions. But it was no business of mine to act the part of Mentor to the experienced Macnab; so I left all parties to their fate.

CHAPTER XIII.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the bird's sweet throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.

ALOOF from the common crowd of the advance, in an arbour formed of thick green branches from the abounding foliage, the quarter-master with his lady and the two ensigns, sat embowered. The remains of a ham and a few unpicked bones of chicken lingered on the cloth which was spread on the "smooth green turf," and secured by forks. A more than half-unfinished stone jar of *whiskey punch* stood on the right of the commanding officer; while that *choice spirit*, his wife, sat, or lay in a half-reposing attitude, like the ancient Romans at their ban-

quet, on his left, displaying her voluptuous form; evidently the worse in looks for her sultry ride, and the general flush which a tumbler of tempting punch promoted. But the "*spirit that moves the spirit to love*" was the most active; and no sooner did I appear amongst the half drowsy party than she became all life and animation. The "*Old King's Head*" was pompous in doing the duties of the cloth, (for *table* here was none), a repast of which I sparingly partook. The jolly Ned Badcock, who had given them one half of Joe Miller during dinner, was now inclined to inflict half a score of songs, by way of dessert, when my arrival enabled him to depute me to be the *executioner;* and I was on his "*call*" obliged to punish the company with a song, which at that moment I had little spirits to execute: but it was not wholly without effect, as it increased the already somniferous disposition of the whole company. It was little more than half-past three o'clock: the drum was not to beat till five, and the distance to our night's quarters not more than eight miles. The old king, changing his hat for a regimental foraging cap, leaned himself against a tree, prepared to take his nap "as was his custom," (like him of Den-

mark,) "in the afternoon." Badcock, on my declining to drink, or "roar a catch," waddled off to the shade of another tree, there to invoke the drowsy god for half an hour or so, leaving me the only *man* to keep the lady company; for poor Ensign Laidlow, like Lord Ogleby's valet, Mons. Canton, under present circumstances "went for nothing." The lady was not altogether disinclined to a *siesta*, and was just dropping to repose; but where to pillow her gentle head was the question. At length my shoulder was suggested as a happy expedient; and to afford it with all due regard to prudence and propriety, I seated myself on the obverse side of the self-same tree of which her husband was *ex-officio* the prime occupant; and, disposing of the lady between her lawful possessor and myself, respectfully lodged her delicate cheek close to mine.

As little inclined myself for sleep as I felt to attempt the robbery of the mail, which then passed our leafy camp, I perceived that I had imparted a portion of my own watchfulness to my fair burden, who ever and anon turned her bewitching face towards mine in such close contact

as to alarm all my sensibilities. Her discarded hat lay at her feet, so in order, that the winds should not visit her lovely features "too rudely." I gently threw over her head and my own a cambric handkerchief; an attention which was acknowledged in a manner peculiarly and delightfully her own. "Thoughts that breathe" and "words that burn" were interchanged.

At length the slumbers of all were broken by the fife and drum; the former playing the old Irish tune of

"Let us alone, before the people;"

a selection which proved the fifer to have been a man of close observation, and a kind admonitor.

The lieutenant-quarter-master, who was the last of the party to shake off the chains of Somnus, found all parties on their *legs;* but the unusually awkward position in which he had reposed himself, that of the letter L, rendered it necessary to afford him our aid in replacing him on his perpendicular. This being effected, I left him to perform the lawful duties of his connubial office, of mounting his wife on her palfrey, while I repaired to my own squad, which I found already formed and in unimpaired vigor and spirits.

The service of a horse and car were never more welcome, or, more cheaply purchased for the exclusive use of my party, (being at the moderate rate of twopence halfpenny a mile,) on which *Mrs. Rafferty*, together with three or four trulls, not fit to breathe the same air with her, and the knapsacks of some of the men were placed. In order not to mix my party with the Dublin detachment in the coming night, I made my arrangements to proceed a mile and a half further, where a roadside alehouse and a barn would afford me accommodation; in consequence, my party now took the lead of the commander of our forces by a quarter of an hour. My time, however, was divided between both; and my politeness in affording the quarter-master the accommodation of an occasional ride was duly appreciated, but rendered unnecessary by reason of that officer having hired a country horse for the remainder of the march. This was an enjoyment of which he felt the advantage more ways than one; it placed him on a level with his wife, whose skittish propensities to take a *canter in front* he had in vain attempted to control in the first part of the day: he had her in fact more in *hand* if not in *heart*, than when plod-

ding on foot at the head of his dirty detachment. There were but few opportunities for any exclusive chat with the lady during the remainder of the day's march; but I learnt in the course of conversation with the communicative Ned Badcock, that she was the daughter of the late Brigade-Major Boldwing, and had appeared on the stage, in a certain city in Munster, under the especial patronage of Lord Donoughmore (a very suspicious patron); but having failed in *that* profession, she was set up in *private* millinery business in Dublin by his lordship, and *other* friends; and that while thus industriously employed she engaged the eye and the heart of the ex-tailor, who took his measures with such effect, that after three weeks' courtship he bestowed the honor of his name and rank on the beautiful Miss Boldwing, in return for a few hundreds fortune given as a portion to the lady by the generous Donoughmore, as an acknowledgment of her virtues. The quarter-master took her as he would a horse entered for a plate, with all her engagements.

Separating for the night, I joined my own detachment, and found ample scope for reflection in the events of the day;—my parting with the

widow and old Robin and with the adored Maria; but the wife of the tinker haunted my imagination, even to the temporary exclusion of that chaste and matchless creature: all my efforts to drive that lowly and mysterious beauty from my mind were ineffectual. The quarter-master's lady made no other impression on my heart than that which such a lovely wanton was calculated to excite in any man's from sixteen to sixty. Amidst this conflict of thoughts, however, the vigor of youth, exercise, and the exertions of the day had prepared my frame for that sound and sweet repose which I enjoyed that night in the humble sheebeen of CURSED STREAM; the unhallowed name which bigotry had bestowed on this village some hundred and fifty years before, from the circumstance of a priest having been drowned in it while attempting to escape from a party of Cromwellites; an exchange of fate between the pursuers and the pursued would have immortalised it as BLESSED.

CHAPTER XIV.

May she lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And in one instant kill both name and honor!

HERE, at an early hour the second morning, I was joined by the main body, which I suffered to pass me, going through the ridiculous ceremony of opening my ranks, and saluting as the party marched by, although there were but two swords and four muskets in my ranks! It was the first *honor* of the kind the lieutenant-quarter-master had ever received, and boundless was his pride and ample his acknowledgments. Approaching the fair equestrian, I paid my respects in guarded compliments, and shortly after was mounted and by her side. Whether the well-timed "*salute*" with which I honored the approach of my com-

manding-officer had propitiated his kind feelings, or that the joys of the night had dissipated the chagrin of the past day, I know not; but I found the quarter-master all this day quite a different being from the solemn blockhead of yesterday. He was all fun and frisk; and in the course of the day offered to run a mile or two against Badcock, provided I surrendered to the latter my fat-sided mare. The request was soon granted. The division halted. Both parties started amidst the shouts of the leading files. The wife followed for a few minutes in a canter, while I pursued on foot, to catch a glimpse of the race.

She shortly, however, took compassion on me, and pulled up just to allow me to bear her company. In about a quarter of an hour the racers passed on their return. Old Robin's mare was *blown*. She had no chance against the wiry cross-made garron on which the quarter-master had stuck himself, and to whose lank sides he clung with all his length of leg, (no great length by-the-bye,) in order to preserve him from a tumble. His great difficulty now was to stop her: this important task accomplished, he took his post at the head of the detachment in triumph. The wager was a dinner and

the *et ceteras* at the ensuing night's quarters, the loss of which honest Ned cheerfully acknowledged. But it was eight in the evening before we could enjoy the treat; and when it did come, we were intruded on by the presence of the same "Captain O'Regan" who once before crossed my line of march, and with whom I could find no other fault than that he was an *uncommissioned crimp*; in other respects a jovial, unpretending, good-humored fellow. As my name was his passport into the company, I took especial care, by certain occasional allusions, to show how, when, and under what circumstances, my friend the "Captain!" became entitled to claim acquaintance with me.

My brother ensign, Ned, (one of the best of creatures,) made his new guest welcome, who, though rather vulgar, was not offensively so. He gave us the important intelligence that General Crosbie had passed the two preceding nights at Castle Forbes, and was to leave on that very day for Galway, to inspect General Trench's regiment; and, on the second day following, our own, at Longueville, which town we expected to reach on the following afternoon. So that his information recommended him to the party, who

were previously disposed to receive his unlooked-for visit with coldness.

The last stage of the march was the most critical one. The report of my strength to a man had been at head-quarters some days; and the loss of *one* would have been a reflection on my diligence. This night was therefore one of intense watching, not only with the zealous Serjeant Macnab, but myself. He had well plied the thirsty recruits; and, with the assistance of old O'Connor, watched the progress from mere inebriety to almost total insensibility in the whole party; and when they were sunk in sleep, he once more went his rounds. With the utmost dismay in his visage he came to me at midnight to announce his suspicions of the tinker's intended flight. His wife, whom "*better than himself he loved,*" had disappeared; and he himself lay in a *fox's sleep* in a corner of the barn. To say I was unmoved would be affectation. I was moved even to madness. "Have I then been deceived?" I exclaimed. "*Had the slave as many lives as hairs, my great revenge has stomach for them all.* Seize and handcuff him instantly," was my first order, given in all the insolence of power! Hap-

pily for my peace and honor a "second and better thought" prevailed. "Let me see him," said I, in a subdued tone.—To say was to be obeyed.

I entered the steaming atmosphere of the inodorous barn, and in one corner, wrapped in deep, profound, and snoring sleep—not the feigned or fox's slumber of the watchful criminal—lay the poor tinker, unconscious of the hostile inquest then holding over his entranced body. The serjeant was still sceptical, but he was a prejudiced evidence. Corporal Dumphy said he was *duberous;* and of the party, none fell into my favorable way of thinking but old Connor, who volunteered to sleep beside him, with his arm bound and joined to the tinker's,—an operation very readily performed in the then insensible state of the sleeper.

Morning broke and not a MAN was missing; but there was one woman missing, whose absence, though why I could not tell, my heart could ill support. Rafferty's wife had disappeared at night-fall the preceding evening; and, as it would appear, with his concurrence. Not one of the party seemed in higher spirits, or more eager

for the march than the tinker. While others seemed to feel that day as the commencement of their slavery, he bounded along apparently enjoying it as the advent of his freedom.

Attaching myself closely to my *own* party the entire of the day's march, I had frequent opportunities of observing Rafferty's deportment. An unusual flow of spirits appeared to animate him, though always reserved and silent, unless when addressed by me: he more than once accosted me in the course of the morning, and on one occasion advanced to my horse's side, to tell me that "I might depend on him though all the rest should leave me." To my question as to his wife's absence, he replied, "that the barracks was no place to bring his poor dear Ruth to."

Four o'clock brought us to head-quarters, and my arrival was welcomed by my old friend the adjutant with every demonstration of kindness. Nothing could be more flattering than the reception of my party. The whole corps of officers, then assembled for dinner in the mess-room, congregated to look at my well-dressed and well-ordered party, as it formed on the left of the Dublin squad. My former recruits, now pretty

well advanced in the drill, were allowed to mix with my men, and I could count the better portion of a company of my own recruits, the labors of a young inexperienced officer of not three months' standing in the service.

The general inspection was appointed for the morrow, Saturday; and the march for Dublin, the point of embarkation, on the following Monday. The morning came, and nearly nine hundred poor devils were paraded for the inspection of the general; of which number, seven hundred and fifty good men and true were to be chosen to constitute His Majesty's Loyal Leinster regiment of foot. The men rejected by the general, who was certainly an indulgent inspector, formed in the rear, out of which number fifty or sixty were selected as fit for invalid companies; but in which condemned squad I had not the mortification of finding one of my recruits! The regiment was at length *passed;* its muster-roll signed and certified by the general; and the remainder of the day was passed with great conviviality in the mess-room, where the colonel-commandant had, at his own expense, furnished an elegant repast. He was not one of those who chuckled over the

five thousand pounds cleared by the speculation of raising a levy which they never intended to lead to battle; but which they parted with as a farmer would with a flock of sheep to the butcher, and with much the same feelings of compunction. He was a soldier—not a slave-jobber!

Not less than forty thousand men were raised in Ireland in 1794, on the sordid principle alluded to. Every day of the autumn of that year, and the spring of 1795, brought a cargo of these white slaves into Liverpool or Bristol; but, to the honor of the Duke of York, the scandalous traffic received a timely check by his vigorous administration of the office of Commander-in-chief. Many hundreds of unfortunate trepanned captives were sent back to their starving families. The troops which were retained nobly sustained the honor of the British arms through all the vicissitudes and misfortunes of the first seven years of the war; and the officers of that year form the principal pillars of the temple of our present military fame.

CHAPTER XV.

O, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' sorrow—midst glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in thy heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

THE following day, although Sunday, was one of bustle and business from daylight until dark. The paymaster announced to me the pleasing intelligence that, on the winding up of my general recruiting account, a balance of one hundred and ninety pounds appeared in my favor; that is to say, my drafts and the advances made to me amounted to little more than five hundred pounds, while my claim for bounties and contingent expenses amounted to upwards of seven hundred pounds; and this same balance in my favor was the entire sum which my kind and still gratefully remembered

friend, the poetical army agent, retained as the price of my ensigncy. The two young men who assaulted Rafferty's wife, and whom I had sent off to the head-quarters of the ***** militia, to be transferred to Longueville, had been released for the general inspection; and, at the tinker's solicitation, I withdrew the charge against them.

The barracks were enclosed by a lofty wall, and sentinels were placed outside as well as within, to guard against desertion. None of the soldiers were permitted to pass the gates, excepting those under the immediate charge of a non-commissioned officer; and I felt somewhat surprised that, amongst the many requests made to me for this indulgence by our recruits, the tinker was silent. Serjeant Macnab, who had not been an attested soldier for the regiment, and who had rendered good service, was a kind of privileged man; and being well known to the adjutant, he availed himself of his interest in that quarter to claim the freedom of the street for such men as from time to time he selected to accompany him. At one of his sallies he asked Rafferty if he wished to go into town for half an hour: the tinker declined; but after the ser-

jeant's departure, he approached closely to my side, and asked, in an under-tone of voice, "*Am* I *passed*, Sir?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Are *you* safe, Sir, let what will happen to poor Thigue?"

The question staggered me; yet I answered "Yes." In my turn I demanded his reasons for such an inquiry.

"I meant to ask, Sir, if you were safe, in case any thing *happened* to me?"

I hardly thought more of this conversation, until summoned from the tea table of the quarter-master, where by especial invitation I had been passing the evening, to attend at the orderly room, where the major, the adjutant, and the surgeon, waited for my arrival, to clear up the mystery of my having passed off a cripple as an able-bodied man amongst my last batch of recruits.

Unfortunate Rafferty was marched limping into the room as a prisoner, with his left leg even more shrunk to appearance than I had before seen it.

I appealed to the surgeon's certificate attached

to his attestation of his perfect capability for the service; to the re-examination he underwent at the head-quarters the day previous to the inspection, by the surgeon *then present;* to his able performance on parade, in marching in slow and quick time, perfectly to the satisfaction of the inspecting general; and to the adjutant, for his testimony of the prisoner's activity of limb during several hours' drill that very day; expressing my own conviction that the appearance of contraction in the leg was a mere trick.

The major took occasion, as being the oldest soldier, to detain the inquest, by describing some of the tricks of old hands which he had witnessed at Gibraltar. At the mention of this place, the tinker's face assumed a ghastly hue, and he appeared ready to sink on the spot: he was set down by the shrewd major as a *malingarer*, a sham cripple, in which opinion the surgeon joined, although, after many bungling attempts, he failed to elucidate his theory of voluntary contraction and expansion of the muscles and sinews. As for the adjutant, (who would, like Sir Thomas More, have cracked a joke on the scaffold,) he contented himself with observing to the culprit,

that it was the height of criminality and folly in him to enlist for a soldier; "for you know, my good fellow, if you received the word *march*, you would *halt*, and render yourself liable to be shot for disobedience of orders." At length, after some little deliberation, in which the culprit was spared the trouble of defence, by none being required of him, it was unanimously resolved to send him to the guard-house, preparatory to holding a court-martial on him the next morning, when he might be flogged, *secundum artem*, and discharged with the usual formality. But half an hour had not elapsed before the serjeant of the guard reported that the tinker had evinced such impatience under his moderate restraint, that it required the whole guard to overpower him, so that it became necessary to hand-cuff him and put him in the black-hole, a precaution highly approved of by the commanding officer and adjutant; and thus the poor tinker was left to his fate.

Rafferty's inquiry then struck me in all its force: the man had been fairly *passed*, and I was, as far as the bounty-money was endangered, *safe*. However, not to make bad worse, I kept my own counsel, and returned to the rooms of the master of quarters,

who was too much engaged in his preparation for the march to attend to the duties of hospitality, or *guard against its abuse.*

The discipline which I had shown on the march induced him to despatch a special request to the adjutant to place me on the baggage guard; a duty which was of course to last during the entire march to Dublin. A pencil note from the adjutant in reply, announced his acquiescence; and thus, having secured a partner in his coming cares, he set about the package of his books, trunks, &c. with double diligence.

It was nearly midnight before I left the barracks to pass into town to my wretched inn. The night was sultry and dark; but the lightning, which flashed every five minutes, gave momentary illumination to the whole face of the country. The effect was sublime. During one of these transient flashes I caught a glimpse of a female form hovering about the wall of the barracks, in whose figure my eyes or my fancy traced a likeness to Rafferty's wife. Now or never, thought I, pursuing with cautious step the direction in which I saw the object: another flash not so vividly bright, but of longer continuance, in a few minutes betrayed

at once to my near view the mysterious being. She tried to escape fom me; but in the thickening darkness fell into the very arms she wished to avoid. All her terrors, however, seemed to vanish as she heard my well-known voice pronounce her name. She appeared to be fully apprised of the state of things in the garrison; and when I attempted to console her on poor Rafferty's approaching fate, she boldly answered, "*Never fear, Sir: the hemp is not spun that is to punish him, and many a better man will bleed under the lash before it reaches my poor Thigue.*" I confess the wishes of my heart went all the length of her predictions, although I could not perceive by what human power his fate could be averted. I still held her in my arms, half tempted, half ashamed to take advantage of our loneliness, and remained for some moments silent. At length she again spoke, requesting me for the "*love of God to leave her.*" "But first tell me who you are? whence come you?" I exclaimed; "I have been kind to you, and to poor Rafferty, and may still be so to both: why not confide in me?" The dull town clock at this instant struck twelve; at the sound of which, her agitation became extreme; she again urged me as

I valued her life to hurry from her, assured me that she would endeavour to see me again, and explain all I wished. The fervency of her appeal—the time—the place—all had their share in riveting me to the spot. If her life were in danger, why should I leave her when I was armed? This I urged on her; but she still implored me to retire, as my presence *alone* endangered it. With great reluctance I released her from my embrace, receiving her blessing as my reward, and plodded my way down one of the many lanes leading to the filthy town. The rain in large and heavy drops already began to descend, but as I reached my quarters it fell in torrents.

It would have been my duty to have returned and put the guard on the alert; but whether under the impression of the utter impossibility of the fellow's escape, or an undefinable feeling for the peace of the unfortunate wife, I tried to banish all thoughts of the duties of the officer, and attend only to those of the man.

I was almost wet through by the time I reached the inn; and, as my time for repose was limited to a few hours, my clothes and accoutrements were spread on chairs before a huge turf fire to dry by

the morning. Mr. Husho was in waiting, and, for a wonder, only *half* drunk.

I could scarcely obtain one hour's sleep: a more dreadful night of thunder, rain, and storm, I had never experienced. While I lay reflecting on the probable sufferings of that poor devoted girl, during that horrid and frightful hour, I formed a thousand schemes for the discovery of her story. My first resolve was to take on myself all the blame of Rafferty's enlistment, refund the bounty, and claim his pardon. The thought of saving him soothed my mind into temporary tranquillity; and I snatched two hours' troubled sleep before the scarcely audible roll of the dull drum roused me from my pillow. The services of Husho, as my regimental servant, were never more requisite. He had been up all night furbishing up my buttons, pipe-claying my marching trowsers, my belts, and, to use his own expression, "*turning me out*" at five o'clock in the morning as clean as if made up for a noon parade.

The comfort of a cloak, except for cavalry officers, was unknown in those days; but I encased myself in a good surtout coat, secured by my sash, never worn then except when on duty, and striking

my hearse-like plume of black ostrich feathers from my cap, I appeared rather more soldier-like than before.

To avoid wading through the street, I was, with others of the outlying members of the corps, obliged to pick my steps from one huge stone to the other, which formed the irregular pavement, or creep close beside the houses under the disadvantage of an unwelcome shower-bath from their dripping eaves: the dark, drifting clouds gave fearful signal of a wet and dreary march.

When arrived at the barrack gate, the first news that met my ear was the *flight* of the *tinker*, who, though left manacled in his dungeon, at midnight, had contrived to escape during the horrors of the storm, leaving his twisted handcuffs behind as a trophy of his strength and ingenuity. The escape had been effected from the roof; but the aperture was nine feet from the floor, and there was not one article of furniture in the cell to assist his elevation to it. The question was, how did he reach it? yet after bursting the bands of the black-hole, the prisoner had yet to climb from its roof, a dozen feet of wall once coped with broken glass, and presenting every impediment to

escape. The most natural conjecture was that the means came from *without;* although of that there was not the slightest trace, save a few shreds of a female's garment, found adhering to the old *cheveux de frize* of glass on the portion of the wall on which the guard-house and black-hole abutted. When this information reached me, my feelings were indescribable. Poor devoted Ruth, whatever may have been your guilt, "you have been but too faithful to him." The words were not then written, and the delightful poet by whom such devoted love has been immortalised was yet in his happy days of boyhood—

> Through the desert undaunted thy steps I 'll pursue,
> And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

Brave girl! what a treasure hadst thou proved had thy lot been cast in a happier mould! I enjoyed a most disloyal, and unmilitary sensation of delight at hearing that the tinker had escaped, and that the parties sent out in pursuit of the deserter before daylight had returned without discovering the slightest trace of his route or clue to his place of retreat: every cellar, hole, and corner in the town had been ransacked without effect.

CHAPTER XVI.

Though so melancholy day has passed by,
'Twould be folly now to think on't more.
* * * *
Eating, quaffing, at past labor laughing,
Better by half in spirits than before.

THE regiment was already under arms. The serjeant of the night and half his guard were in the rear as prisoners. Nine miles on an empty stomach, and under drizzling rain, presented no very flattering beginning to the life of the young soldier; yet there was the pleasure in prospect. At Glenlough Lodge, one of the seats of the colonel commandant, about the distance I have stated, preparations had been made for the entertainment of the whole corps. Tents were pitched on the lawn, in which an abundant store of the good

things with which that rich country teemed, were laid out for the refreshment of the men, while the ample hall was fitted up for the reception of the corps of officers, and those visitors of both sexes who were invited to bid welcome to the regiment.

The *senior* captain of the regiment, just TEN YEARS old! had been on a visit at the lodge for some days, superintending with his noble mamma the arrangements for the military gala! Talk of the march of intellect in modern days, 'tis nothing to this.

The last drum had beaten off more than two hours before the regiment was found sufficiently collected to start in marching order. It at length broke ground; entered the chief street under the faint huzzas of the town's-people, which were even more faintly returned by the already drooping and dispirited corps, which more than ancle deep in alluvial soil, still in a half liquid state, ploughed its weary way through the dingy town.

The regiment had not proceeded two miles before the road was overspread with a host of stragglers. "*Step short the grenadiers,*" was the unceasing command in order to prevent a running rear; and various were the halts to bring up the

lame and lazy. Whilst plodding on our monotonous and dreary march for three hours, Glenlough Lodge suddenly broke on our view, like an oasis in the desert, inspiring fresh life and vigor into all ranks; yet as the poor officers beheld with dismay their drenched garments, their dripping plumes, and their saturated boots, they felt subdued in spirit. At length the word "halt" announced the arrival of the head of the regiment at the grand gate of the lodge; and whatever remained of spirit in officers and men was then screwed up to the sticking-place. The rear was in an instant brought under the manual persuasions of the active adjutant, who really had to act the part of *whipper-in* on this first day's march. Every thing being ready for the advance, a partial gleam of sunshine which just then burst forth, gave all eyes a sight of the beautiful lodge, of the extensive lake on the bank of which it was built, and its sloping lawns, on which we could trace a long line of tents, where shelter and good cheer awaited all. Then indeed the "*hurrah*" was general and sincere; and when the word "MARCH" was given, not a straggler was to be seen. The state of the weather and the unmilitary appearance of the corps, after enduring

nearly four hours' drizzling rain, rendered much ceremony or parade unnecessary. The regiment, formed into three divisions, was marched directly into the tents, where the colonel's liberality had anticipated every want.

The unfitness of the officers for appearing in the splendid hall was no drawback on the warm and elegant welcome which they were, one and all, destined to receive from the charming hostess, who in person did the honors at the "*déjeûné à la fourchette,*" and with all that good-humour and grace for which her noble family was ever distinguished. Immense fires were lighted in all the rooms and offices in the lower parts of the building, at which the officers made the best reparation in their power for the ravages their dress had sustained on their morning's march. The luxuries of the board, the music, and more than all, the delightful attentions of the party within doors, soon chased away all sense of past sufferings; while the boisterous cheers from the tented lawn gave joyous proof of the happiness that reigned amongst the humbler participators in the general feast.

Three hours soon passed away, when the drum

once more beat to arms—and legs. With hearts lightened, and bodies refreshed by rest and good cheer, the regiment formed in line in front of the lodge; and after three enthusiastic hurrahs, which were echoed from the lake to the mountain, and again returned on the ear in reverberating peals, the march was resumed.

My fair charge, who had started in the only sound post-chaise the last stage afforded, had, for reasons best known to herself, proceeded directly towards her night's quarters, leaving her husband and his guard-man to partake of the hospitalities of Glenlough; and which, I can answer for myself at least, were enjoyed with perfect good-will. To join his lady *betimes*, as well as to provide the billets for the regiment, was the anxious wish of the quarter-master; so he trotted on to Mullingar, leaving me to console myself in the company of the poor invalid ensign, who was still a baggage-car passenger. The remainder of the day's march was performed in gallant style; but when left to my reflections I soon felt the annoyance of the "*baggage-guard duty*," a misery unrelieved by any one comfort or pleasure during the march, except by the occasional company of the quarter-

mistress during the first two days; after which she appeared to devote her attentions to the smock-faced second major, of whom she made a conquest, and who gladly availed himself of the shelter of her post-chaise during the heavy rains that occasionally poured on our devoted heads. In this wretched plight we reached Dublin in the forenoon of the fourth day; and without being allowed time for a halt and a meal, the battalion was marched directly to the quay; embarked just as they stood in their wet, soaked garments; and were then huddled together in the holds of light colliers, taken up for the trip to Bristol at the moderate rate of *half a guinea per man*, provisions included.

After the embarkation was completed, not an officer or man was suffered to land without special permission of the commanding officer, the senior major. My duty, however, having been ended, my guard was relieved by a detachment of the 34th regiment, and shortly afterwards embarked, when I obtained leave for the remainder of the day.

CHAPTER XVII.

To boyhood turns reflection back,
With mournful pleasure to behold
Life's early morn, the sunny track
Of feet now mingled with the mould.

I HAD but a few hours left to visit my family, pack up the few regimental and other clothing which had been made for me, bid adieu to my kind friends, the agents, and perform the promise made to old Robin, when leaving Manor Rawdon. I claim some merit for suffering all personal considerations to give way to that duty. I was soon within the gate of Moira House; and on arriving at the top of the grand staircase, which led into a rich conservatory, was received by the venerable countess, with her usual kindness. She expressed great satisfaction at the report I made

of my success, of the dutiful attention paid by the grateful old man to her injunctions, and the general and devoted attachment which the whole neighbourhood evinced towards her, and her gallant son. The countess presented me to her grandson, Lord Forbes, a handsome boy, then about NINE years of age, who was SENIOR Lieutenant in his father's, the Earl of Granard's regiment; and who was the next day to leave Dublin, with his mother the countess, to present the colours to the regiment lately raised by his lordship in the county of Longford. This young nobleman (now a major-general) was the *second* SENIOR *officer, under ten years* of age, whom I had been introduced to within the last four days.

Hurrying across to the other side of the river, I just nicked the time of closing office for the day, to catch the hand of my worthy friend, Captain Atkinson, and receive with gratitude his parting advice, as he prepared to mount his pony. Honest Humphry Woodward would not part with me until I had partaken of his family dinner, which was, as usual, excellent. That good-hearted man would have received me with all the kindness of his nature, even though the balance on my re-

cruiting account had stood on the debtor, instead of the creditor, side of his books. Yet the circumstance of my having contrived, not only to avoid losses, but to earn, as it were, my commission by my own exertions so honorably and expeditiously, rendered me doubly welcome to his hospitable board; and more than once he took occasion to remind me of the valuable advice he had bestowed on me, to the following of which he ascribed my success and my balance. Giving him full credit for the worth of his advice, which (as not at all applying to the situation chance had thrown me into,) remained in store for future contingencies, I received these fresh proofs of his attention to me with every expression, and, indeed, true feeling of gratitude; and was preparing to take my leave, when the servant suddenly announced my father and my eldest sister. This was a well-timed and most considerate mark of Mr. Woodward's regard, which left half my heart behind with him.

The remainder of my family being a few miles distant from town, I felt that a general leave-taking would be impossible; after passing two hours, therefore, in their loved company, I bid my

last adieu to that most estimable man, Humphry Woodward and his truly amiable wife, and, accompanied by my father and sister, proceeded directly to the quay, where I found, amidst a heap of trunks and boxes containing my *kit*, that very servant who had borne me in his arms a thousand times in the days of helpless infancy, and sported with me in the playful hours of childhood, waiting to take a weeping farewell of his beloved boy. His father and grandfather had been old retainers in our family; and this faithful fellow, yet a youth, had followed the fortunes of my much-wronged sire, when, for some youthful indiscretion, he was unceremoniously thrust forth from his paternal roof to shift for himself in the wide world with only the clothes he stood in, and in that sad plight was overtaken and unfeelingly passed by at day-break the following morning by his eldest step-brother, at the head of a field of sportsmen following the hounds of that cruel father, whose youngest son, not sixteen years of age, was now a houseless, helpless wanderer, worse provided for than the lowliest hound in the pack! But the hand of Heaven, after a lapse of fifty years, showed its retributive

justice; for the son of that outcast child, that victim of unnatural hatred, the son of that despised one, was blessed with the opportunity of repaying good for evil, by rendering to the offspring of that early oppressor of his poor father, the rights of hospitality in a foreign land, the shelter of a home, and the assistance of his honorably earned affluence!

Taking a hasty, but tender farewell of my ever kind, but too indulgent father, of that sister, whose talents, as well as her amiability, have endeared her to the natives of another hemisphere, and returning with a tear of gratitude the many with which the faithful Shawn Walsh bedewed my cheek, I stepped into the boat with all my baggage an hour before night-fall, on the 16th September, 1794.

Adieu, adieu, my native land!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean.

WHATEVER were the accommodations of our poor men (and I fear they were none of the best), the officers had not much cause to complain of theirs. A tolerably roomy cabin having two state rooms, mere sleeping hutches detached from the main cabin, only deserving the name from the peculiar *state* of uncleanliness in which they were found, with four berths and a swinging cot, formed the extent of accommodation for our detachment—consisting of Major Muskerry; my smock-faced friend before mentioned, a delicate, capricious, but good-humored boy; Captain Symcock, a rough Canadian (his *antipodes*); Lieut. Gravel, who figured with such horrid celebrity in

1798, while on the staff of the Dublin garrison; with two other subs, who were so helplessly sea-sick, that they never left their berths till we passed Lundy Island; and my humble self.

Our nautical commander, a Cumberland captain of sixteen stone *pit* weight, retained his own state-room; the other was resigned by his carbonic mate and deputy to the "*soger* officer commanding," who found it necessary to expend a large portion of costly perfumes from the shop of Davison, the Delcroix of Dublin, (commonly called Violet Davison,) upon the dormitory, to render it endurable; which, even with these "appliances and means to boot," was hardly effected. In this cabin, the focus of our circumscribed pleasures, we contrived to amuse ourselves and laugh away the hours till midnight, between which time and the break of the morning the fleet had got under weigh. The uneasy sensations in my head and stomach first roused me to a sense of our situation. On reaching the deck I perceived the Hill of Howth well *down* on our larboard beam, and saw my old friend *Lambay* in the distance, by which I concluded we were

some six or eight leagues to the north-east of Dublin. It was observed by the witty Marquess of Townsend, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for some years in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century, that "one of the most agreeable things in the island is the *westerly wind*, which is *always* ready to waft you *from* it." In the present instance, however, the wind could boast of only *one* point in that favorable corner; and our fleet, consisting of five transports, were stretching off north and by east, waiting to benefit by the turn of tide to go about and steer down the Irish channel, so as to give the rugged coasts of Wicklow and Wexford a wide berth before the ensuing night, and also with the hope of obtaining a good look-up for Bristol Channel on the next or following day. I was quite sailor enough to understand these arrangements of our convoy, (a revenue-cutter,) which were happily effected according to the commander's wish, and I felt my time for three days pass very pleasantly on board. We had abundance of fresh provisions, of wine, &c., &c., also cards and backgammon to while away the intervals between meals.

Besides the men, to the amount of nearly one hundred and fifty, we were blessed with the addition of nearly half as many women and children on board, who contracted for their own passage, as a private speculation with the captain. With such a cargo there was no want of subjects to afford food for amusement, and too often for painful reflection. After lying one night (the longest I had yet felt) at anchor at Pill, our transports on the next morning disgorged their soiled cargo, and the Loyal Leinster Regiment first touched British ground.

Our parade was formed on the green sward in front of Lamp-lighters' Hall: while the arrangements for the march for Bristol were forming, and baggage loading, a part of the officers were allowed to regale on the excellent breakfast which mine *host of the hall* had spread for all comers, at the moderate charge of fifteen pence per *mouth*. The rain, which we learned had for a fortnight before prevailed throughout the country, had given way to the most delightful weather; and the interrupted, and long-deferred harvest had been resumed just as we arrived. It was in truth a delightful period of the year for a

march; and the novel sights, which on every side floated in view of our poor soldiers, brought forth many an exclamation of surprise and admiration from these sons of poverty.

The rich mansion, the stately timbered park, the substantial farm-house, and the comfortable cottage, called up new thoughts of their now desolate homes. Their low, unsheltered, mud-walled cabin, their unenclosed potatoe garden, the little [redacted] rick of turf at the gable end of their hereditary hovel, all flashed across their mind; and, while they admired all that met their eye, that eye dropped a tear of sorrow as the expression *"God be with our* OWN *poor home!"* broke from many a quivering lip.

Bristol appeared in itself a world to hundreds of our regiment, who had never before seen a town of greater extent than three straggling avenues, known as the *High* Street, *Chapel* Street, and *Church* Street, distinctions sufficiently explanatory! As they marched in wondering silence, their eyes seemed insufficient organs to embrace the various objects that pressed on their view; and it was not until the halt in College Green,

when the sneers and rude attempts at wit by a brutal race of toiling slaves broke on their offended ears, that the poor devils first discovered they were in the land of inhospitality.

CHAPTER XIX.

Whilst thou shalt flourish,
Shalt *flourish* great and free,
The pride and Envy of them all.—Fudge!

The Bush Tavern, kept by the well-known Weeks afforded ample accommodation to the whole corps of officers; and many a light-hearted young Irishman for the first time enjoyed the superior comforts of an *English inn*, receiving that favorable impression of the country, which a comparison with that he left behind was but too well calculated to inspire.

Then, during the first years of a popular war, the red coat was welcomed by the middle orders with more cordiality than in latter days; but village politics ran high, and it was no uncommon

thing for the commanding officer of a regiment on the march to be met on his route by some red-hot loyalist, half squire, half farmer, with an offer of the shelter of a barn, with bread and cheese and a draught of beer for all the corps to drink "success to the *Duke of York*, and down with the *French Convention*," whose door would have been shut in the face of the unsheltered stranger. By this display of loyalty honest John Bull had the double gratification of seeing his name blazoned in his county newspaper, and of crowing over some Jacobin apothecary, or schoolmaster in his village, whose arguments he could defeat in no other way than by weight of purse, drinking the health of the "KING and PITT," and heartily d——g all their *enemies*.

Amongst this class of ultra-loyal Britons, the landlords of the inns shone most conspicuous. Many a poor bankrupt of the trade ended his days in a prison or mad-house, where distracted memory furnished him with no other portion of his once favorite strain than

Confound their politics!

It was my fortune to be billeted on the house of

one of these outrageous loyalists in a town in Gloucestershire, with about one-third of the company to which I was attached. He had already been honored with upwards of one hundred infantry, of a militia regiment, and half a troop of regular cavalry that had been quartered on him for some time; and as at that period Mr. Fox's Bill, for granting them relief under the title of "*The Innkeeper's allowance*" was not in operation, it may readily be imagined how heavily the billeting system pressed on the inn-holder, an expense which the additional consumption of beer and liquor went but a small way to counterbalance.

Mine host of the White Hart had a rival in loyalty in his opposite neighbour of the "*Black Swan,*" who had the other half of the troop of horse, and about as many infantry quartered on him. But as my Boniface had secured the *Officers' mess* at his house, he maintained its long asserted claim to the honor of being the HEAD INN! This boasted superiority led to a ruinous contest, which ended in both parties going to Gloucester jail before the termination of two years! He of the *Hart* treated his troops with a pint of beer gratis

every Sunday, a liberality immediately imitated by the host of the Swan. The pint soon became a *quart*; then a "*dinner* and a *pot!*" The grateful soldiers, thus fed at the landlord's expense, considered it a point of honor to get drunk at their own; and the unthinking commanding officers, instead of checking this useless prodigality, entered into the spirit of the contest as a matter of fun, during the brief period of their halt, and thus unreflectingly encouraged both parties to bankruptcy and ruin.

The route of the regiment was so often changed that we became at length doubtful whether government itself knew how to dispose of us. This uncertainty was owing no doubt to the precarious state of affairs on the continent; at one time we were marched a few miles northward, another time towards the south; then we fell back on our late quarters "*until further orders,*" with instructions to use every possible diligence in drilling the regiment, and keep it ready to move at a moment's warning for actual service. This order was sure to be followed by another in a few days for a fresh movement, by which the regiment became broken up and dispersed into small cantonments,

without the chance of forming in battalion more than once a week, by which dislocation the little discipline it had acquired was completely destroyed.

Having rather signalised myself as a good drill officer, and my captain (who was also a *captain in the Irish militia,*) having returned to Dublin after seeing the regiment landed, the duty of training and exercising the men of my company, in marching, wheeling, and the *manuel,* fell to my lot. In this service I worked unceasingly, and with such success, that the *Martinet* major of eighteen promised to honor my outlying quarter with a visit to witness a morning drill.

Anxious for a display of my abilities, I had the company under arms at six o'clock, and had almost tired them and myself before the major made his appearance. The morning was foggy and the ground damp; my laudable efforts to be distinctly audible were overstrained, and, with the aid of wet feet, brought on that kind of hoarseness, which is called a *break in the voice;* so that when my commanding officer rode towards my line, and it became my duty to give the word, "*Shoulder*

arms!" the unfortunate efforts of my morning's vociferation became apparent, and after the deep

Shoul-der my voice cracked

into a childish whistle; and at the word "*arms*" I was ready to take to my legs, so loud, and so general was the laugh at my expense, even from the ranks. The major saw my embarrassment, and kindly undertook to give the word of command himself; while in order to show my utility in *some* capacity, I volunteered to act as fugleman during the practice of the *manuel*, a feat which few drills could better execute. The performance of the men gave great satisfaction to the major, who paid me the unwished-for compliment of ordering me to head-quarters at Newbury, in order that my drilling propensities might be indulged to the "top of their bent," in assisting the adjutant; a task, however, for which as it will appear I was not reserved.

Now I felt that at Newbury I should be nobody, although a great man in a Wiltshire village. However, to head-quarters I marched; and hav-

ing arrived on a Saturday evening, the next day gave me an opportunity of seeing all the belles and beaux of old Bishop Blaze's town in their holiday attire.

CHAPTER XX.

——— Ah, then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
* * * * *
——— Nor in the bower
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

It so happened that my last landlord's two daughters had been educated at a boarding-school in that town; and they, knowing my *penchant* for ladies' society, gave me letters of recommendation to a family with whose numerous members and their connexions they became acquainted while at school. I dwell on the recollection of this incident with pleasure, as it recalls to memory the charms of person and mind of two very amiable girls, both of whom shared my admiration in their

days of youth and innocence, and each of whom I lived to see happy *grandmothers!*

By means of this introduction I became a daily visitor in the house of *Farmer* Halesire of Beechwood, for in those days a farmer did not aspire to the rank of *esquire*. He was a prosperous worthy old man, who, by hard industry as a master husbandman, had brought up no less than thirteen children to a station of wealth and respectability. Of primitive simplicity of manners, and little conversant in worldly affairs, beyond the state of the markets, it was a great source of delight to him and his old dame to hear me talk of Ireland as of a country in another hemisphere. The old gentleman spoke of the approaching marriage of one of his *girls*, a staid lady of *forty-five*, with an ancient lover after twenty-five years' courtship, as an event which, by bringing all his children together, would afford me an opportunity of being introduced to the whole of his family. This marriage actually did take place during my sojourn in Berkshire; and I had the great delight of sitting down at the table of the patriarch, in company with three generations, assembled under the parent roof, to the number of thirty-three persons!

In the evening we had a *hop* on the lawn; and long ere night drew her curtain over the festive scene the veteran lover had trundled off his long-sought bride in an old-fashioned buggy to the hall of his fathers on the Hampshire hills.

There were two daughters at home, the one three, the other four years my senior, to whose attractions a youth of my temperament could not remain altogether insensible. There was also a son who conducted the farm, about the age of twenty-five, one of the best-hearted, unaffected young men I have ever met with. He became very much attached to me; and while describing the safe and tranquil pleasures of their rural life, almost succeeded in diverting the current of my mind from the unsettled and stormy track I had chosen, the more particularly as his sisters, both fine girls, joined their entreaties not to "go to the wars." I slept at the house frequently during my stay in their neighbourhood: after the ceremony of prayers the old couple retired for the night at nine o'clock: we four sat up chatting till midnight; while, with an arm round each waist, I listened to their artless stories. Although I loved

them both, loved their society, and almost shuddered at the thought of that order for march which must ere long separate us, yet with every opportunity, which the most unbounded confidence afforded, I can with truth assert that, up to that period, never one unhallowed thought entered my imagination. The kiss which their fond brother bestowed on them at parting for the night was not more chaste than that which custom, after a few nights' acquaintance, allowed me to enjoy; but my continence was doomed to a severe trial on one occasion, during my visit to this family.

I had retired to my bed as usual at nearly midnight, and might have slept for two hours, when my slumbers were not abruptly, but gradually broken by a noise of the gentle and cautious opening of my door, and the appearance of a person moving into the room. Never having been what is called a heavy sleeper, my alarmed senses were ere long collected, and by the light of the declining moon I beheld, with a sense of terror which it is impossible to describe, a figure *all in white* gliding about the bed with noiseless footsteps. In drawing aside the window-curtains it

revealed to me the fine proportions of a tall and well-formed female. My ghost-like visitor moved from the window, proceeded to the table, and standing before the dressing-glass, appeared to be engaged in arranging her hair: I could, however, although almost dead with terror, perceive that the hair was not touched. The head was enveloped in a white cap, around which the arms appeared to move mechanically: but what were my feelings when the figure approached my bed-side, and after regarding me for some time, turned down the bed-clothes as if about to enter! A long and deep-drawn sigh from the fair spectre somewhat relieved my almost exhausted courage, as it gave me assurance that my visitor was of earthly mould; and in the grey light which still lingered in the room I fancied I could trace the beautiful outline of the fine and finished form of the innocent Caroline.

All past alarms yielded to a sense of coming joy, which in the first transport of relief from terror had seized my senses. Gracious powers! can it be possible, I thought, that the lovely Caroline, in the still and silent hour, steals from the couch of innocence, voluntarily to invite the em-

braces of him, who, however beloved as a friend, never dared to aspire to the happiness of a nearer or dearer connexion! I knew not what to think. A moment's reflection induced me to steal, but with a motion as gentle as her own, from the bed, and watch her movements from the opposite side. She passed her hands over the surface of the bed and the pillow as if seeking for its inmate. A gleam of the moon at that minute shone on the face of the fair intruder: I was at once satisfied that it was the beautiful Caroline herself, but in a state of somnolency. I then recollected that I had succeeded to the occupancy of her eldest sister's chamber, with whom, before her marriage, Caroline and her sister occasionally slept. I feared to move, lest I should awake the dear girl; I therefore awaited in almost breathless silence the issue of this nocturnal visit, and felt my heart relieved from a heavy weight as I beheld her once more glide from the room, retiring with the noiseless motion of a shadow. I stole on tiptoe to the door, and followed her with strained eyes, as well as the dim light allowed, while she ascended the three steps which led to the chamber in which her sister and herself slept at the extremity of the

passage; then gently closing the door, I turned the key within to guard against another visit, through which my virtue probably would not have borne me so honorably. I thought it certain that had she not felt the bed untenanted she would have entered it. I shall not attempt a description of the sensations which that thought excited, but sleep did not again visit my eyes. I had seen a young and lovely woman, fresh from the hands of nature, almost within my embraces. I have often thought how I could have *risked the soul distracting view.*

The happy and unblushing confidence of the dear and innocent girl the next morning when relating to the family that she had been dreaming of me all night, fostered those dark and dangerous designs, which in spite of my best resolves found entrance in my mind. My conduct towards her the whole of that day was so peculiar, that it could not escape even her own observation. The warm pressure of my hand was no longer that of mere friendship; I sought every opportunity for being alone with her; yet when alone I knew not what to say. The insidious and oft-repeated kiss,

half stolen, half bestowed, fired the innocent bosom of the gentle Caroline with sensations hitherto unknown. I saw the struggle in her throbbing breast between the sense of propriety, and the first-felt passion which conscience whispered was a crime. We were alone, and in a shady bower. It was the lovely evening of one of those delicious autumnal days which sometimes bless our clime; when every breeze is hushed: nought was heard but the half-broken murmurs of mutual caresses. The happy Caroline had already sunk an unresisting victim on my panting bosom, when her guardian angel in the form of my adored Maria floated before my vision, and in an instant restored me to my sense of honor. I hailed the heavenly monitor as the harbinger of future peace to both; and, delighted with my conquest over a fiend-like passion, hurried the blushing agitated girl from the bower; and as I pressed her to my bosom with respectful tenderness, exclaimed, "O Caroline! I wish I *had* a heart to offer you!" Future reflections must have convinced her how deeply she was indebted to my fortunate forbearance!

To remain any longer an inmate of this house would have been to tempt my fate. I framed an excuse for terminating my visit before the appointed day; and took leave of this abode of innocence and virtue, happily before I had stained its peaceful threshold with pollution.

CHAPTER XXI.

For you've only to Holland to sail d'ye see,
And the French we'll drive back to their nation;
Then the Emperor, Stadtholder, Pope, you and me,
Will sit down to a jollification.—FUDGE!

ON looking over the papers at the reading room at Speenhamland, to my great astonishment I saw my name gazetted for a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoon guards! I could scarcely believe my eyes, and read the paper again and again; yet for the life of me I could not conjecture by what means this unexpected greatness had been thrust on me. A letter waited for me in the hands of the drum-major: it was from my father. Impatiently I burst the seal; this, thought I, will explain all! My eyes hurried over the first, second, and third pages,

and then the crossings added by my fond sister; still not one syllable of the wished-for intelligence. I was confused in the variety of conjectures: my first feelings were, I confess, those of pride and exultation; but these were checked by more sober thoughts. The cavalry was a service which my limited circumstances wholly unfitted me to embrace; and the regiment to which I found myself so unaccountably posted was peculiarly a patrician one, boasting amongst its members some of the junior branches of the noblest families in the kingdom; many even amongst the subalterns, who possessed their parks, their pack of hounds, and their thousands per annum.

I received the congratulations of the corps; and with that vain feeling of independence of control which is but too natural to youth, set about packing up my baggage, and was actually preparing to take my leave at once, and on the authority of the Gazette to proceed to London, when the commanding officer, the senior major, reminded me that he had a voice as to the disposal of my time and services; and that, until an official communication reached him, I was still under his orders. Having been too forward with

my arrangements for the journey, and boasting of them regimentally, I felt myself awkwardly circumstanced, and when ordered into the major's presence, instead of acknowledging the error of my precipitancy, and throwing myself on his indulgence to excuse it, I added to my fault by appearing very much huffed at the strictly proper conduct of this rigid officer, and thereby lessened, if not totally forfeited, that good opinion which my former merits had inspired.

We all know that when an officer, particularly a youth, has the misfortune not to stand well with his commander, he moves, acts, and talks under a certain painful restraint: his jokes are heard in silence; and his company, if not avoided, is not much courted. This was my case for a few days; at the end of which time a route for the regiment's march to Southampton arrived, when I received a very caustic note from the major himself, informing me that he should not put me to the trouble of marching with the regiment under his command; that I was consequently at liberty to join that regiment to which "*it appeared by the gazette*" I had been appointed. I dare say he intended to mortify me; and, if such was his object, he succeeded.

Released from his command, I replied to his note by a letter, couched in terms more humiliating than I could have reconciled to my feelings had I remained his dutiful sub; in which I expressed a hope that the first and only act, in which I had laid myself open to his censure during my service under him, would be overlooked by one so much my superior in rank, in sense, and years. I received *no answer!* I saw my major of 1794 a lieutenant-general in 1819, a gentleman-agriculturist, in the north of England, the same cold and cautious character I had found him a quarter of a century before. He had long since turned his sword into a ploughshare, and now prided himself as much on his abilities as *drill* farmer, as he had formerly done on his merits as drill major. His name being unknown in the annals of military fame, I leave him in that obscurity from which he never emerged.

The morning the regiment marched I appeared for the last time among the officers, and took a friendly leave of them all, and of my faithful servant Husho, on whom I bestowed a guinea, and much more good advice than he found it agreeable to his fancy or habits to follow.

The regiment in which I found myself so unaccountably gazetted was then on the continent; but so cut up in men and horses, that one half was on the unserviceable list, and several detachments from the heavy cavalry were already under orders for England. However, to have it in my power to say I had "served *on the continent*," which was then the great boast of the day, I repaired to London, first taking a tender leave of my venerable friends at Beechwood and their beloved family; and after a few weeks of idleness was, by the liberality of Cox and Greenwood, enabled to carry my intentions into due effect; not that I had the folly to equip myself with the appointments of a cavalry officer, for those were to be obtained considerably under prime cost on the other side of the channel, but merely as regarded my personal outfit.

One day, while poring over a file of Irish papers, which were to be found at that noted military house, the Cannon, Cockspur Street, I read with feelings which may be imagined, but not described, the following piece of intelligence:—"Married at Fort Dalton, on the 7th September, by special license, Colonel Maurice Theobald D'Alton,

nephew and heir to General Count Roderick D'Alton, of the Holy Roman Empire, to Miss Temple, only daughter of Thomas Temple, Esq. of Templemore, County of Meath!"

I obtained my passage to Helvoetsluys, joined my regiment in Flanders, when in *full retreat*, at the head of which rode the old lieutenant-colonel with a *woollen nightcap* underneath his unpowdered wig, and swathed in flannel from the toe to the hip, mounted on his Irish cock-tail galloway, (the sole survivor of his stud,) and cursing every wind that blew, which he blasphemously declared "*shifted at every turn and twine of the road on purpose to blow continually in* HIS *face.*" Next to him came the tall knight, raw-head and bloody-bones, the major, mounted on a gigantic Flanders stallion, looking like Death on the Pale Horse. Not one half the men were mounted, and such as were cut a shabby figure, loaded as the horses were to the very croups with the cloaks and valises of the dismounted.

To me, who had not endured the toils of a campaign in which so much had been suffered, and such a scanty harvest of glory acquired, the various scenes I witnessed were sources of the

highest fun; but I nevertheless had it in my power to render many little services and acts of kindness to my suffering brethren that would have endeared me to many of them, had fortune blessed me with the means of continuing in that branch of the service. Take the corps, one and all, they were a noble specimen of the high-spirited *gentlemen* of Ireland, joyous and cheerful under every privation!

The winter of 1794, which was one of peculiar severity, closed sadly on our brave troops. The cavalry, as might be expected, suffered almost to annihilation. All the force of that description which were yet in a fit state to keep the field fell back on Holland, where they remained carrying on a desultory warfare during the ensuing year, under the command of General Count Walmoden. Their ultimate fate was deplorable; of the poor horses, those which the campaign had spared, the bullet finished.

CHAPTER XXII.

But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

I AM not about to inflict a homily on my readers by repeating all the croakings of 1795, in and out of parliament, on the failure of the Royal Frederick's first continental campaign; the dismal recollections of which were, if not entirely dissipated, at least considerably mitigated by the preparations for those festivities which attended the marriage of the all-accomplished Prince of Wales in April, 1795; an event which might furnish a whole page of deep and solemn reflection, particularly as there is no species of prophecy safer than that which is pronounced after

the fact; but I forbear, for this simple reason, that I then made no reflection whatever on the subject.

By means of my letters of introduction to Major M'Mahon, (since Colonel Sir John, who had obtained his step to that rank in the 87th,) and his lady, I enjoyed abundant opportunities of partaking of some of the *fêtes*, public and private, given on that happy occasion, and of sporting a light and merry toe in the now exploded country-dance of forty, or fifty couple, to the then favorite air of the "PRINCE and his BRIDE."

It was not until the May of this year that I discovered the why, and wherefore, of my temporary elevation into the dragoon guards. The mystery was cleared up by my old friend from Dublin, that Apollo of army agents, who came over for the purpose of presenting to his Royal Highness his ode of congratulation on his nuptials. The facts were not complimentary to me it is true, but it must be admitted nothing could have been more kind or considerate than the conduct of my friend. A cornetcy in the —th Regiment of dragoon guards having become vacant, it was purchased for the son of General Sir John J—, a youth

who yet wanted six months of that age at which the commander-in-chief, according to the latest regulations, admitted young gentlemen to hold commissions. It was a favorite object with the father to place his son in that particular regiment, as being one which he had for twenty years commanded. I was selected by my worthy friend to be the warming-pan, and only *held my seat on honor* until it should be claimed from me. That period was now arrived, and my ever-kind and careful patron, on communicating the word of command, "*dismount*," hailed me by the delightful title of LIEUTENANT, which commission he had by his excellent management secured for me, as some compensation for my loss of dignity, in being placed on my former FOOTING.

The regiment to which I had been promoted was one of the new levies raised in Ireland the preceding year; one portion of which was missing, having either been lost or captured on its passage to England, and the other companies were scattered in different ports, some in remote parts of Scotland, others in British ports, so that I could obtain no certain information to guide me to the head-quarters of my regiment for several weeks,

an ignorance which was shared by the war offices of both countries. I therefore made every arrangement for proceeding to Limerick, the *former* head-quarters, to take instructions from my colonel, when at last it was announced to me that four or five of the scattered companies of the regiment, if such it might be called, had been collected at Liverpool, and were cantoned in that neighbourhood. To this destination I immediately repaired; but on my arrival had the mortification of learning that the corps had already departed on its route for certain towns in Yorkshire, West-Riding, the head-quarters being *Halifax*.

It was nearly midsummer, and delightful weather: meeting many Irish friends at Liverpool, I remained enjoying their company, and such pleasures as that town afforded, so long as my strength of purse admitted this indulgence; and I was on the eve of my departure by coach, when strolling down to the quay, I joined a party of officers, who were on the recruiting service there, in order to see the last importations from Ireland. We were all laughing and joking at the expense of a motley group of raw recruits, just landed from a Dublin packet, and who were forming line under the

discipline of a long thong whip, commonly termed a "PIG-WHIP," wielded with dexterity by the hand of a non-commissioned officer, who was called "*serjeant-major*," when, to my utter confusion, horror, and astonishment, we discovered by the number on the knapsacks that the *whip-driven detachment* was a portion of *my own regiment!* a discovery which exposed me to the ironical compliments of my roaring companions.

This was more than I could bear. I immediately scampered off for my quarters, the Crown in Red Cross Street, and was packing up in great haste, determined to fly the scene, when my movements were, for the second time in my military life, arrested by superior command. A Captain Alexander of *ours* ferreted me out, on the information given him by those "d——d good-natured friends" I had just skulked away from, and laid an embargo on me, by virtue of his rank.

Seeing that necessity left me no other alternative, I received my captain's visit with all possible grace, secretly wishing him, his slaves, and slave-driver, at the mouth of the Mersey once more with all my heart. He was a smart-figured man, about thirty-two or three years old, by no means ill

featured, but sour visaged, and consequential in manner, so as to render him unprepossessing to a degree. He was dressed in the very showy (though in his case somewhat faded) regimentals of the King's Own, to which regiment he belonged for some months as ensign. What corps had the honor of his name, perhaps for a day only, as *lieutenant*, I did not think it worth while to inquire; it was sufficiently mortifying to me that his father's weight of purse had raised him to the rank of captain half a year before, and made him my present commander.

There was a very good *table d'hôte* at the Crown, to which I invited him for that day. Our company consisted of officers on the recruiting service, Irish visitors, English travellers (or bagmen), with commercial adventurers to the coast of Guinea, intent on the barter of Birmingham wares, for *negro blood*, coffee, cotton, and sugar. I found my captain one of the—if not *the* greatest of bores I ever had the misfortune to be linked to, as companion or brother-officer. Though laboring under the most horrifying species of stammering that ever afflicted man or his hearers, he was always foremost in story-telling,

keeping his company in an agony during his attempts to detail the shortest and simplest anecdote: besides this *cacoethes loquendi*, he fancied himself a *singer*, and the third round of bumpers had scarcely passed when he volunteered a song.

Those letters in the alphabet on which the most lengthened and painful hesitation arose, were R and T. His pronunciation of the first was like the rumbling of the *long roll*, and his second equalled the *tattoo!* Under what horror then it may be considered the company writhed during the full hour that our *fanatico per musica* tortured us, in his attempted performance of "*Rule Britannia!*" and the "*Top-sails shiver in the wind!*" The bottles having been emptied, my captain called for *one* more, inviting me at the same time to join him in the duet of "RISE, CYNTHIA, RISE!" The hint was sufficient; every one but my unlucky self rose at the instant, and escaped, while I was doomed to the double misery of drinking more than my quantum, and of being harassed by a repetition of the preceding horrors. At the conclusion of our evening's carouse, my captain, as the commanding officer, came over me at once,

despatching me at that unseasonable hour, ten o'clock, in a smart shower of rain, in quest of the high-constable, in order to quicken his exertions for a supply of waggons for the next morning's march, a duty which I found some difficulty in performing; but at length found this functionary regaling himself amidst a merry party of theatrical gentry, in the select room behind the bar of the Talbot Inn, where a good song or two induced me to remain nearly an hour.

During this time I arranged all matters with the constable. But although I took to myself no small credit for my perseverance in following up the clue given to me of the constable's beat, my reception by my captain was any thing but flattering; in fact he rumbled out a severe scolding at my delay, and concluded by dismissing me at nearly midnight, and ordering the serjeant-major, who was obsequiously waiting, "*whip* in hand," for orders for the march, to parade the detachment at *six next morning*. At that hour the baggage carts having been loaded chiefly with women and children, we marched off to Prescot, and were overtaken at that town by two more of our officers, who arrived that morning at Liverpool by the Dublin packet.

We now formed a mess of four: proceeding next day to Warrington, we embarked in the passage boat for Manchester, and enjoyed a very agreeable voyage of some hours on the Bridgewater canal. On entering a tunnel the wives of the poor Irish recruits uttered the national howl, believing themselves destined for the regions below; an apprehension from which they did not feel themselves perfectly free until our boat once more emerged from the tunnel into the full light of day.

I do not know that I ever received more gratification in any journey than that which I experienced this day in the contemplation of this vast monument of individual enterprise. I considered this canal as one of the great boasts of Great Britain; and one which conferred more true nobility on the illustrious nobleman who projected and completed that stupendous work, than the dukedom with which his patriotic devotion of time and fortune was rewarded, but who unfortunately left no inheritor to that civic crown which so deservedly adorned his brow. Among the passengers were two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Lord, a banker at Halifax, then on their return from their bathing trip to Runcorn. An

annual *general* immersion in the sea seems to be one of those operations which all British ladies from fifteen to fifty deem indispensable.

These ladies being not only what may be called handsome women, but unreserved and agreeable in manners, with the usual gallantry of Irishmen, my commander and his subs paid them all those attentions which are ever acceptable to the fair sex. But those of the captain were too oppressive to afford them any gratification; and they rather offended him by their kind anticipations of what *he intended to say*, by replying before he could deliver himself of some long-labored compliment: of my other companions they could not complain. One was a light-hearted Killarney man, named Harrington, who, full of the recollection of his lovely lakes and glens, enlivened the conversation by descriptions of them, which proved him to be a lover of nature, and an enthusiastic panegyrist of the unrivalled beauties of his native home. The other was one of those quiet kind of characters who, conscious of their own deficiencies, have the good sense never to attempt any display of talent, but acquiesce in every commendation bestowed by those who are more fortunate

in speech; and to all he heard, and all he saw, had one word of assent, "iss,—iss" (yes). This worthy, Johnny Chapman, had been a shop-keeper in Limerick Old Town, and having a few spare hundreds, which Colonel Sir Verity *Frank-free*, M.P., did him the favor to accept as a loan for an *indefinite* period, he in return was honored with an ensigncy, and the prospect of the pay-mastership of the Garryone regiment.

What could possibly have induced this humble Hibernian to abandon his shop with all its advantages for the empty honor of the red coat, was for some time a mystery to me, but I found out that he had an ailing old wife; and although he was at the shady side of forty, and with every disadvantage of person and address, he was not without hopes of supplying in a short time the old lady's place by some young and wealthy English heiress; for, with all the humility he felt in other respects, he had all his country's vanity on this point to a most ludicrous degree.

When he understood that our fair fellow-passengers were the daughters of a banker, he so far overcame his natural habits as to launch out

a voluntary strain in praise of the superior beauty of the English as compared to the Irish ladies. The stuttering captain opened upon him a rolling volley of remonstrance, although he admitted the justice of the compliment, as far as the present company were concerned; but before he even got out, "comparisons are odious," the attention of all was drawn to the distant shouts of thousands of voices, mixed with the crash of broken windows, the sounding of trumpets, and the beating of drums. We were already at the end of our voyage, the boat was alongside the wharf, when our worst fears were confirmed by the report that a mob, to the amount of nearly forty thousand, had during the whole of that day preserved its reign of terror throughout Manchester; breaking open corn warehouses, demolishing flour stores, plundering bakers' shops, and helping themselves to whatever came within their grasp in the way of provisions.

The civil authorities, as *usual*, taken by surprise, were completely paralyzed. A troop or two of the 28th light dragoons, at that time raising (but not completed) by Sir Robert Laurie, and the various

recruiting parties, which might possibly muster one hundred proper *men at arms*, were all the military force in the town. This, however, was called out; and small and inefficient as was that force, it sufficed to quell the insurgents, and silence the cry of "bread! bread! bread!" the more especially as our arrival caused a report to be immediately circulated that a *body of troops* from Liverpool had arrived by express in canal-boats. It was my lot to be again put on duty by my captain, who pleaded his anxiety for the care of the ladies for putting me into the breach: there was, however, no great danger. I passed through the scattered parties of the mob unmolested, and made my way to the New Bailey, when, viewing the magnitude of the town and its immense population, to my surprise I found no such civic officer as mayor: there was only a chief constable, called boroughreeve, who seemed to possess something like authority. On hearing *what description* of soldiers our party consisted of, he discreetly hurried me off with one of his myrmidons to procure carts to convey not only the *baggage*, but the *soldiers* also to Oldham with all

possible expedition, in order, I suppose, to keep up the farce of our being a reinforcement from Liverpool. The minor mob of Oldham was then playing the same pranks in the evening that the grand one had been performing at Manchester all the former part of the day. Our awkward squad of recruits, with their wives and children, were piled up on the carts, and driven off in rather quick time through the suburbs towards the Oldham road. The banker's daughters with their servant, a female by the bye, took chaise for Rochdale, and parted company at six P. M., leaving their Irish acquaintances to their reflections.

The news of a *company* of *soldiers* being on the road soon drove the Oldham rioters to their homes; and when we, who so ill deserved that honorable title, arrived in the dusk of the evening, there was no enemy to quell. Darkness followed our footsteps, so that whether we were soldiers or "ragamuffins in red," the miserable gang which we really were, the late rioters knew not. However, the arrival in the course of the night of a company of the Wiltshire militia and Roch-

dale volunteers, saved us from being pelted out of town next morning; a fate, which in all probability might have been ours when our contemptible array had become better known.

CHAPTER XXIII.

If I am not ashamed of my soldiers, then am I a soused gurnet!

At Rochdale we were once more destined to meet the young ladies in whose company we had passed some agreeable hours on board the canal-boat. The riots, on account of the scanty supply and high price of bread, having pervaded the whole of the manufacturing towns during the last few days, our late fellow-voyagers prolonged their stay at Rochdale until the country became more tranquil. Having strolled out after dinner, we found ourselves in front of the theatre, and were led into the extravagance of expending three shillings each for a box admission into the very neat little theatre of that town.

The appearance of an officer of the army in this humble temple of Thespis, was the signal for "God save the King!" Not content with a compliment which we had no right to think ourselves personally entitled to, our peevish captain, on unhatting himself, roared out "aw—aw—aw—off hats!" I ventured to remonstrate, submitting that our standing up uncovered was as much as we ought to do, by way of example, without attempting to bully the unwashed flannel weavers into the same demonstration of loyalty and respect; but the captain was pertinacious, and repeated his "aw—aw—aw," until the whole audience of the masculine gender showed their naked greasy sconces. I was heartily ashamed of *our* conduct; for, much against my will, I became a "*particeps criminis*," in a very impertinent outrage upon taste and good manners. But this was not all the mortification I was doomed to suffer. The fiddlers, *two*, and violoncello, had just rested their elbows, after a *double encore* of the national anthem, and silence being procured, after many noisy efforts to effect it, when the Munster shopman whined out in that peculiarly lachrymose tone of voice which is the cha-

racteristic of his province, "Aagh, gentlemen, if you *plase* play '*Rule Brittan-ny-yagh.*'" The supplicating manner in which the whole sentence (particularly the last words) was pronounced was irresistible: no beggar at a chapel door could crave a farthing from the charitable and humane christian in a more pitiable pitch of voice. The obedient leader with fresh resined bow and elevated elbow gave the signal stamp of the foot; and off the band once more set "fortissimo" with RULE BRITANNIA. A dreadful horror seized my mind that the captain was going to indulge the audience with a verse or two of his favorite chant; but his better genius prevailed.

The curtain drew up for the second piece, '*The Purse, or the Benevolent Tar,*' which was tolerably well enacted. At the end of its first act I discovered our fair voyagers taking an occasional peep at our box, and, I verily believe, very much afraid of recognition by some of our party. I was not to be put off, however, but taking leave of my comrades, I whispered to the lively Harrington where and to whom I was going, and he was soon at my heels. Perceiving that the back row of their box, one of those near the stage, was partly un-

occupied, we had ourselves ushered in, and were instantly and most kindly greeted by the banker's daughters, by whom we were introduced to the remainder of the party. There was barely room for the captain, who had followed us, to squeeze in at the back row; but in order to accommodate him, the ladies in the front made room for me, who was the slightest in form of the party, and I was delighted to find myself seated between Miss Lavinia Lord, who would have been the beauty of her circle wherever she went, and a married lady not above twenty; she was introduced to me as Mrs. Charles William Spencer, and her agreeable manners, pretty *petite* face, and arch, laughing eyes, soon convinced me that the race of Lancashire witches was not extinct.

My hum-drum captain was sickening the second row with his prosy observations on all that was not germane to the scene before them; whilst with spirits now unchained after their late horrid imprisonment I tried to enliven the front by saying all the lively nonsensical things I could think of to amuse my party. Harrington, being for the first time in his life in an English playhouse, was all attention to the drama, which in

some parts was rendered effective by the good acting of the late J. Edwin, Jun., in the Tar, and a young lady of the name of Robinson, who sustained the character of the boy. The performance altogether would have been creditable to a more enlightened audience than the spinners and weavers of Rochdale, which might be classed among the sixth-rate towns. '*Animal Magnetism*,' that rare piece of broad farce, concluded the entertainment, and sent all our party away in spirits to the house of Mrs. Charles William Spencer, (I like to give all her pretty names to that more than pretty little woman,) where we were kindly invited to supper. Our *fourth* man, after his ebullition of loyalty, sank first into a doze, then into a sleep so profound, that even *magnetism* itself could not rouse him; and the gay and kind Harrington had to dislodge him previous to our sortie. Politeness suggested to our fair entertainer to include the sleeping subaltern in the invitation to her house; but fortunately for the fame of Ireland he preferred his bed to the banquet, and left us to efface, as well as we could, that impression of barbarism which our early exploits in the theatre had left.

Harrington, although a perfectly *raw* Irishman, had within him the seeds of all that is honorable, kind, and noble in our nature. These qualities were amply developed during his arduous service in that distant climate to which his fortune had led him, and of which, after a life of honor, fame, and good fortune, he took his leave in the year 1825; returning to end his days in the loved land of his birth. Notwithstanding the *naïveté* of his remarks, and the half-wildness of expression with which he ushered them on the ear, there was in his actions a winning candor which captivated by its inoffensive novelty.

There was no bustle amongst the party to reach their *carriages;* for instead of Mrs. Charles William Spencer's chariot stopping the way, a steady servant, furnished with a capacious lantern, and with cloaks and clogs for the ladies, intercepted us in the lobby. Having assisted the fair ones to robe, we set out, one on each arm, with the exception of our captain, who had the felicity of being honored with the "lovely young Lavinia's" arm *alone.* Whether the charms of this fine girl gave fluency to his tongue, I know not; but certainly he was more endurable that night than

I had ever before heard him. Mr. Charles William, the junior partner of the house of Spencer, Son, and Co., received us in the parlour with no small share of that independent, and at the same time, kind manner, which a man of opulence can so well assume when exercising the rights of hospitality towards strangers. Had the invitation been premeditated the preparation could not have been more perfect. Our friend of the lantern officiated as butler; and there was an air of ease and wealth in the whole *ménage*, that rendered it easy to perceive that the good family "*fared sumptuously every day.*" This was the more worthy of remark, as it was by no means the foible of men of business in those days to run into profuse expenditure in their domestic arrangements. But our host we discovered was also a banker and chief manager of the house; his aged father, who had given over the toils of business, residing at his splendid seat built by himself, a short distance from the town, with the earnings of a life of industry.

Besides being a rich, Mr. C. W. Spencer was a shrewd, and indeed well-informed man; by which I mean, possessed of general information on all

subjects connected with the commercial policy laws, institutions, and government of his native country; an extent of knowledge quite sufficient to constitute him an intelligent and useful member of the society in which he classed—a MASTER MANUFACTURER. If I could find out a fault in him, it was, as I fancied, neglect of his pretty little wife; but I forgot in the ardor of my own boyish admiration that she *was* his wife, and that they had quite opportunities enough of rendering themselves agreeable to each other when depending on their own society, without making any parade of their cordialities before company.

Ere our party broke up I felt more satisfied on this point, and left the house with an impression that they were a very happy English couple, although not one endearing expression, not one tender look was exchanged, during the two hours we passed under his friendly roof.

There cannot be a more philosophic lover than an English husband; and whether John Bull *perpetrates* a marriage, or *performs* a funeral, he is equally the slave of *propriety!* We passed these two hours very cheerfully. Two of the ladies were *rather* elderly; three were young. The cap-

tain had devoted the whole of his compliments to Miss Lavinia, while the elder sister seemed quite absorbed in the pleasure she received in the conversation of the unsophisticated Harrington. Placed between the lady of the house and one of her senior friends, I distributed my attentions without distinction; and to my captain's *commands*, rather than requests, attempted to sing many more songs than, I would answer for it, were agreeable to the company. Having found me a willing deputy, he did not indulge the party with the music of his own voice beyond one verse, on the breaking up of the party, of 'Rule Britannia.' That which he selected was the one in which the following occurs:—

Bless'd Isle, with beauty,
With matchless beauty crown'd,
And MANLY HEARTS to guard the fair!

Suiting the "action to the word," he most gallantly pointed to the ladies, on singing the first and second lines; and knocked a cloud of pipe-clay dust out of his sword-belt by the enthusiastic thump which he bestowed on his own "*manly*" breast, when claiming the latter honor. A general bravo rewarded his enthusiasm, which I trembled

to think might lead to an encore. But we escaped, and took a last leave of this agreeable little group. Guided by the dangling luminary of the butler, we found our way to the Eagle and Child Inn; for which escort and civility he received *half-a-crown;* viz., from the captain *sixpence,* (who would have given him less had there been any smaller denomination of silver coin,) and from the young Irish subs *one shilling* each. The butler drew his own conclusions; and, I dare say, on his report at the large house, reduced the captain to the *ranks,* as a shabby fellow!

CHAPTER XXIV.

I hate profane rascals.

As our route lay through Halifax, the captain next morning most gallantly offered his escort to the ladies to deliver them safe at their father's residence, a service which they at once declined.

It was evident to all but himself that his company, although through politeness endured, was, in fact, any thing but pleasing to them; indeed his unkind, authoritative way of addressing us, his obedient subs, must have struck these observant girls as very unamiable.

He fancied, however, that he was deeply smitten with Miss Lavinia, and flattered himself that he had made a favorable impression on the heart

of the young lady. It was as much as Harrington and myself could do to restrain our risible muscles, when we heard him pour forth his ecstasies on her charms, and anticipations of his happiness when they were all resigned to him. I believe he would have done any thing, which did not cost money, to afford a proof of his devotion; for after dinner next day when the *statute* pint was expended, we proposed to give the fair Lavinia a bumper at his individual cost. He declined the honor, but agreed to the other bottle on the condition that it should be a joint-stock concern.

The aged, and obsequious ensign immediately assented by his usual "iss—iss," and gave "Miss Lav-eeny—yagh's health," with a regular *counter* cringe at the captain. I began to grow heartily tired of my march, and, with the exception of the lively Harrington, of my companions also; it was therefore with no small pleasure I found the circle of my society enlarged in a few days, by arriving at Pontefract, our then head-quarters.

The only field-officer present with what was called the regiment, was a major lately arrived

from India, a mild, gentlemanly character, extremely dull of hearing; whose voice was never raised beyond its natural soft murmur, and who with all the indolence acquired during a service of twenty-two years in Bengal, troubled himself very little with what was passing in the regiment.

The remainder of the mess consisted of one captain, three lieutenants, one ensign—a spoiled child, and the adjutant, late serjeant-major of Irish militia. There were four weak companies, and part of a fifth assembled; the remainder of the regiment was—Heaven knows where! A mysterious story was afloat about the passing of the regiment one day, its instant embarkation, and its dispersion and partial capture by a privateer on the next but one following, which was never properly cleared up.

I heard it afterwards stated that when an intimate friend of the colonel-commandant met the latter in the streets of Dublin, and told him his regiment had been captured by a French privateer, the reply of the temporary "gallant" colonel was, "*Ah! I'm afraid it 's too good news to be true!*" The report went that there was a

heavy arrear of bounty money due to the men, the settlement of which had been deferred until the arrival of the regiment on English ground; an honor which not above one-third of the poor, half-civilised Irish *serfs*, who formed it, were ever destined to enjoy.

With the exception of the major, I never beheld a more objectionable group than the officers at head-quarters. The captain was a fat, sulky sot, who always filled a bumper, and never spoke a word. Of the lieutenants, one was a crazed old yankee loyalist, perpetually boring the mess with stories of "Staten Island," "Bunker's Hill," and, (*infra dig.!*) smuggling rum-grog into the mess-room to drink at his meal, under the pretence that beer gave him the heartburn.

The other lieutenants were quiet kind of men, who evidently had not been accustomed to the style of living which the usage of the army very properly established.

I shall surprise some of my readers, and make them deplore the "good old times," when I assert that we sat down every day to two courses, with a plentiful dessert of the best fruits of the season, at the humble charge of *half a*

guinea per week each, table beer of superior quality *included!* Our wine was but three shillings and sixpence the bottle; but the poor subaltern's pay in those days was miserable—the ensign's, *three shillings net per day*, and the lieutenant's four.

The young ensign, from his constant exhibition of monkey-tricks, and his mimicking of the old yankee, was a source of amusement to the usually silent and supine major, although to the rest of us a great annoyance. The adjutant, as I before observed, had been a non-commissioned officer, and had risen probably from the dregs of society. He was a vulgar reprobate, an eternal trumpeter of his own low adventures and intrigues, interlarding his discourse with the horrid expression, "*Well, I wish I may be d—d if*—&c." In the midst of one of his stories at the mess-table, I happened to catch the eye of the major, and, in respect to his deafness, held up my glass as an invitation to drink wine with him. At this moment the adjutant, who was in conversation with his next neighbour, bawled out, "*Well, Sir! I wish I may be d—d!*"

"*With* ALL MY HEART," said the unconscious

major aloud; filling his glass, and nodding to me, which instantly set the table in a roar.

The junction of *our* captain and his three recruits increased the mess to ten members, to which we shortly added an *acting* surgeon, taken from a volunteer corps in the neighbourhood.

The sottish captain being junior in rank to the stammerer, lost his local consequence by the joining of the latter; and in a few days obtained leave to return to Ireland in search of his baggage, the loss, or mislay of which, he had pleaded *ever since he joined,* as his excuse for appearing more shabbily apparelled than any serjeant in the regiment.

The actual command of the now five *full* companies fell to our captain, for the major seldom showed his face on parade; in fact he had got the step for which he had been a *ready money* candidate for upwards of fifteen years in India without success, and now only waited for that of lieutenant-colonel, which he expected to obtain every gazette; all that was needful—the *purchase-money*—having been lodged. This accounted for his total indifference to the corps, which he only

made the stepping-stone for the moment to superior rank.

Captain Alexander issued out a whole page of regimental orders every day, to which he easily obtained the acquiescent major's authority, and had just as many field-days as his fancy led him to order, without the slightest interruption from his superior officer; whose face not one man in ten of the ranks knew, and whose uncommon name not one in fifty could pronounce. My captain, to do him justice, was more attentive to me and to Harrington than to any others of the corps; we were more to his liking, and would hear him prose about *his* Lavinia, when maudlin-tipsy, with less impatience than those who knew nothing of him or her. We each got the command and payment of a company, which added *two shillings per diem* to our pittance. I was allowed from home one guinea per week; so that all things put together, I was as well provided then as half the captains in the service.

Having purchased from a Scotch drover, on his return from the south, a well-grown galloway, one of the completest animals of his size I ever beheld, for the moderate sum of two guineas, I now equipped

myself with the necessary appointments, and rode out daily with my major on the moors. In the course of these rides I imparted to him my desire to get appointed to some regiment on service, and hinted pretty plainly the disgust and disappointment I felt on joining such a motley group of officers and men. My own observations on the major's conduct, since I joined, convinced me that my remarks would not be ill-taken. He sympathised with me, but with great kindness suggested the propriety of keeping my opinions to myself, and preserving good terms, as *he did*, with *all* the corps, such as they were; the great probability being, that it would very shortly be drafted, when the officers would be distributed into old regiments to fill up vacancies. "In the mean time," added this good man, "should you wish to be sent on the recruiting service, you may have your choice of Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, or Birmingham." I know not why I chose the first-named place, except my desire to see it more thoroughly, having had only a glimpse of it; but I instantly accepted the offer, although at the certain loss of two shillings *per diem* as company's paymaster. The next day my name ap-

peared in orders for that service, which those who were unacquainted with the cause attributed to my being no great favorite at head-quarters; that opinion however gave me not a moment's uneasiness. With the exception of Harrington, who was himself so impatient to leave the regiment that he would have exchanged into one of the black corps then raising, I left no one behind me on whom I bestowed a thought of regret. I certainly highly respected and esteemed the major; but he was a man with whom, for a person of my age, intimacy was almost impossible.

On the appearance of the order for my march to Manchester, I was allowed to select a serjeant, corporal, and *one* man, (besides my servant,) as my party. That point accomplished, I had to pay my respects to the Limerick ensign, who had been for some time inducted into the office of acting paymaster, from whom I received some twenty or thirty pounds, with the usual bundle of instructions, pay-lists, &c. To the adjutant I sold my pony, saddle, and bridle, for six guineas; and after one more day's preparation for the march, took my leave of this apology for a regiment, and happily never saw it more, as *one*.

Allowing my party to proceed on the route, at the rate of sixteen miles a day to the station, on the second day, I found my way by cross coaches, in a zig-zag course, to Manchester; and, as the least expensive mode of proceeding, got into lodgings at one of the many *milliners'* shops with which that town abounded.

CHAPTER XXV.

There is not a more potent antidote against low sensuality than the adoration of beauty.

Of all countries on earth England is the least romantic; and of all places in England, a manufacturing town is the last where a person of that turn of mind could indulge in those happy sports of fancy which "cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments."

To the wretch whose mind can be satisfied with low intrigue, such a polluted region affords complete scope for the vile pursuit. Nothing could be more afflicting to the heart or sight than the thousand specimens of precocious infamy and depravity which the various workshops disgorged on the *pavé* at night-fall. As manufactures flourish

morals decay. The congregation, within a small focus, of hundreds of the ignorant and licentious of both sexes, initiates even infancy itself into all kind of indecencies at the first dawning of reason: no wonder that their after life should be marked by that utter recklessness and indifference to virtue and good order which is, alas! but too apparent.

The shop of the house in which I had lodged myself was the daily lounge of idlers and recruiting officers, of which there were absolutely hundreds at that time in the town. The *young ladies* only, of whom there were three, appeared in the *shop* to receive company, if I may so term it; while the convenient mother took post in the back parlour, her implied presence being a protection against open scandal, although no restraint whatever upon that kind of conversation which it may be well imagined this promiscuous acquaintance gave rise to.

The purchase of a pair of gloves, a rosette, or a watch-ribbon, was always a sufficient introduction; and the *innocent* favors granted to their customers were meted out, not so much by their manners, person, or rank, as by the liberality with

which they made their purchases. In fact, a more sordid, selfish trio never existed; they were even attempting to supplant each other in the good graces of those who had the miserable folly to become their temporary dupes. Being a resident of the house, I obtained the credit of an intimacy which never existed. Slave as I was from my early days of boyhood to the dear sex, I never could for a moment suffer a thought of regard to enter my mind for any of those heartless beauties; for such, with the aid of rouge, indian ink, and pearl powder, they contrived to appear. Perhaps of all persons known to them I was kept at the greatest distance, and voted a *penurious, cold-blooded young man.* Heaven! how little they knew me; but *tant mieux.*

They had not even any of the amiable weaknesses of the sex; money! money! money! was their sole idol. But they suited their countrymen all the better, for Mr. Bull likes a bit of barter even in affairs of love; and if he did lay down his half-guinea for a *promise* and a sly kiss across the counter, he congratulated himself on a drawback of twenty-five per cent. in the shape of a pair of half-crown gloves! A nobleman of fifty thousand

pounds a year, dealing in horse-flesh, invariably prides himself on adhering to the maxim "*Sell in guineas, buy in pounds:*" then again, "card money," in the first circles; "Christmas boxes!" "servants' vails," and "montem begging!" Master Napoleon was right about us; but *n'importe;* we call ourselves the first of nations, and let that pass.

Chance introduced me to the acquaintance of an officer of the Coldstream Guards, Ensign the Honorable E. Plunkett, (now Lord Dunsany,) who had been on this "*forlorn hope duty,*" (recruiting at Manchester,) for some months. In his agreeable society I found some refuge from the heterogeneous mixture of dulness and depravity in this huge focus of thieving and theology—murder and methodism—*crime* and *calico.*

As we never appeared in regimentals more than one day in the week, and then for not more than a couple of hours, while under the inspection of the inspecting officer of the district, we left the field of finery open to the *Fencible* gentlemen, who were too proud of their gay trappings to lay them down for a single day, and rejoiced at being able to make our daily excursions in the

neighbourhood, without being recognised as a pair of the "*King's hard bargains.*"

It occurred to me one day to explore, in company with my *Honorable* friend, the well recollected Watergate-street, in search of the two ladies who were my fellow-travellers on my first visit to England with my father in 1790. I found the old couple *semper idem;* but the *spinsters* had changed their condition. One had removed with a mercantile husband to Liverpool, the other had been taken to wife by a brother cotton-spinner at Stockport; and to meet whom on her next visit we were invited to take tea by the old lady.

On the appointed day we presented ourselves at five o'clock, one hour before our dinner-time, and were received with much ceremony by the whole party. My friend had previously requested that I would sink his hereditary *Honorable* and introduce him as plain Mr. Plunkett. An unusual preparation I perceived had been made for our reception; and, as it was expected that we should eat muffins as well as sip tea, in endeavouring to comply with their pressing entreaties our politeness and our inclinations were often placed in conflict.

The young lady, who had now arrived at the age of three-and-twenty, had progressively increased in bulk I should suppose every year since I had seen her, as she was at that time a mountain of flesh; pure white and red. She bore the strange name of Mrs. *Smallpiece*, than which, compared with her immense calibre, nothing could be more ridiculously inappropriate. In addressing her, my friend and self made every effort our ingenuity could suggest to soften down the pronunciation of the horrid cognomen into something more delicate to the ear; yet every attempt we made at the embellishment, curtailment, or abbreviation, in the sound of either syllable, by changing a vowel, only tended to render it the more ludicrous.

Her inquiries after my father were tolerably kind, considering the presence of the husband, who, with all the inquisitiveness of the tradesman, asked me what *business* my sire was in; a question which, I believe, would have puzzled himself to answer had he been present. My answer was short and *truly Irish*: "*He is a gentleman*, Sir." On the same question being put to my Honorable friend, he replied, that *his* father

was a *farmer!* I was instantly struck with the superior sense and modesty of the reply of the *ancient Irish nobleman's son.*

My friend showed a strange fancy in admiring *most hugely* the massive Mrs. Smallpiece! There was an old spinette—a hurdy-gurdy piano forte—in the room, which the daughters had been taught to *strum* upon, and on which he very gallantly requested the married lady, as the only musical member of the family then present, to favor the company with an air. She was half inclined to comply, but still kept her seat; so my friend, perceiving that the mountain would not come to Mahomet, he (as Mahomet) went to the mountain, and taking her hand, with a gentleness and grace which even the husband could not but admire, led her to the instrument; and, as he was himself a bit of a musician, aided her in all her preliminary arrangements for gratifying the family party, and which she effectually did, although the vile twanging spinette was miserably defective in strings and much out of tune. The good folks were quite disappointed at our leaving them at a quarter before seven; while, on our side, we were unwilling to inform them that we had not *dined,*

and were full three quarters of an hour beyond our time.

With an appetite increased by a long fast and a pungent cup of green tea, I fell to on my steak most ravenously, while my Honorable friend seemed to give all his thoughts to the *great lady in the little parlour* we had just left. He returned about nine o'clock to sup with the family, while I, who had quite enough of them, and saw nothing in the full-grown wife to redeem the dislike I took to the growing Miss, escaped to the half-play to see a pantomime and the pony races which were then the rage.

The next day I heard from my friend that my desertion had rather displeased them; that by some means these tradespeople had discovered his rank, and he found his second visit far less agreeable than the first in consequence of being oppressed with respect, and constantly reminded of the nobility of his blood. His attentions to the lady were received with infinitely less reserve than before, and he was even invited by the fond couple to visit them at Stockport; and this he assured me he would have done, had not mention been made that two or three little *Smallpieces,* the

fruits of their happy union, would be presented to him. This, as he confessed, cut the thread of his admiration in twain, and he thought no more of them or their odious name.

This gallant officer received a severe wound at the Helder, which, I believe, eventually induced him to retire from the service after reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Whether in his professional or private life, he was equally estimable; the nobility was honored by such a member of its order, and the army lost none of its dignity.

Never having given myself the slightest trouble on the subject, I was not at all disappointed at finding my whole body of recruits, after several weeks' beating up, amount to—*two!* and these, poor Irish weavers: but I had not a Macnab for my spokesman; so that when I received the order to repair to head-quarters, which had been now changed to Leeds, I experienced none of those anxieties for the safety of my charge which I felt when employed on the same service in Ireland; nor encountered any of those adventures which I never reflected on but with a kind of melancholy pleasure. These feelings never slept within me; they were kept alive by a passion

which inspired sentiments that preserved me from sinking into any of those debasements, which, had my heart been unoccupied, the easiness of my nature, warmth of temperament, and constant temptations might have led me into.

Having despatched my party by the regular route, I determined to pursue my own as my fancy should dictate; and having put a couple of changes of linen into a valise under charge of my servant, and sinking all military appearance in a suit of plain mufti, I set out on my pedestrian tour.

I was completely disappointed of all the pleasure I had promised myself by such a mode of travelling. Few indeed are the gratifications an ardent mind receives while traversing a line of country absolutely swarming with a redundant population, not possessing a single idea beyond those which enable them to perform the daily drudgery in which they pass their youth, their manhood, and their old age; spinning out the thread of existence like silk-worms for the advantage of the rich; and then at last *getting leave* to fill a *pauper's grave*. Here the poor weaver, rising before light, toils incessantly all

day; his children, instead of pursuing those amusements natural to youth, share in his toils, not merely while day-light lasts, but pursuing that labor by the light of his *taxed* candle till midnight; lying down with his wretched supperless family, in an unblanketed bed, to rise unrefreshed, and again encounter the same wasting toil of unrequited, hopeless labor! Poor John Bull is taught to consider *this* INDUSTRY; to rejoice in his chains, and wear them with all the pride of a Lord Mayor. It does not require the second sight of a Scotchman to foretell that an awful reaction is not far distant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dye all—*Dye* nobly!

On arriving at Harrowgate, I met in the reading-room an Irish acquaintance of the name of Mountgarrat, (of whom I shall have much to say hereafter,) from whom I derived a piece of intelligence which deeply interested me, although I carefully suppressed my connexion with the parties who were the chief actors in the events recorded.

It seemed, that from some rude assault committed by the rum-tippling American loyalist on one of the operative dyers of the town of Leeds, he was surrounded by a host of these blue-skinned brotherhood in an unguarded moment, and treated to a dip in the dye-tub.

To a man whose character was (according to his own showing) above all *stain*, and who, though fond of life, was ever ready to *die* with honor for his country, such an inglorious tinge as his person and the king's uniform received on this occasion, required to be washed out with blood. He accordingly repaired in his *dyeing* state to the barracks of the company he commanded, and sallied forth at its head, vowing vengeance against every man who wore an apron and a blue face.

The affray happened late in the evening, when the complexion of the wearers of aprons could not be so exactly ascertained as to confine the infliction of vengeance to the parties for whom it was exclusively intended. The consequence was that, in order to avoid omissions, the Irish soldiers, inflamed by the recollection of the daily sneers and insults they had received, indiscriminately knocked down, kicked, and otherwise ill-used all who came within the scope of their arms.

The remainder of the *regiment* was called out, with the stuttering captain at its head, to quell the riot; but the peace-makers shortly took part

with the peace-breakers against the towns-people; and the captain was obliged to solicit the aid of the detachment of dragoon guards, then fortunately at Leeds, to overpower the mutineers.

The prudence of the officer commanding the cavalry, who, although a subaltern, refused to comply with the equally cowardly and insane orders of the captain, to *cut down* the poor misled and half-savage infantry, right and left, saved his Majesty's service from much disgrace. By reasoning with the deluded men he induced them to fall into their ranks, and march to the barracks under the protection of his troop. Several were disfigured with wounds from sticks, stones, and other missiles; while those which they inflicted were of a still more serious character.

The civic authorities, who would have slunk into an augur-hole while the fray was raging, after the danger was over paraded all the constables of the township, and perambulated the streets during the night. In the mean time an express was sent to the quarters of the general officer of the district, who, if I mistake not, was Prince William, now Duke of Gloucester. The

riotous soldiers were strictly confined to their barracks for three days, when they were marched northward, under the escort of the dragoon guards as far as Ripon, where another troop took charge of them until they passed the border of Yorkshire.

This was the substance of my Irish friend's information as to the particulars of the fray; but he added that the regiment was proceeding to Newcastle "*to be broke,*" as he termed it, but which I interpreted to be "drafted."

Having had my servant with me in colored clothes, I sent him into Leeds to intercept the serjeant, and order him to march directly through that town without stopping a moment, halting about five miles beyond it at a small village, where I should join him. But the serjeant had already passed through unmolested, and was then on his way to *Durham*, where head-quarters had been established for a few days. Such was the information with which my servant returned to me, having obtained it from the staff serjeant of the recruiting service at Leeds.

I set out the next day and reached Darlington in time to overtake my party. Arriving at Dur-

ham late in the same evening, I repaired to the inn where I understood our head-quarters had been established; but I was obliged to take to my bed immediately in consequence of an attack of pleurisy. The *regiment* (save the mark!) had marched for Newcastle-upon-Tyne a few days before; and there was I, a total stranger, the sick inmate of a public inn, without knowing or being known to one soul in the place!

A doctor was called in by the man of the house (of whom and his excellent little daughter I shall make honorable mention in due time). This gentleman prescribed nothing but bleeding—bleeding—bleeding. Six times in three days did I undergo this strength-subduing operation, until I was almost too weak to turn in my bed; yet the inflammatory symptoms of the disease did not materially abate. On the fourth day the countenance of the doctor, and the very kindest of little nurses, my host's daughter, assured me that I was out of danger. My recovery was as rapid as my attack had been violent; and in a few days I found time, words, and every other demonstration of gratitude which my heart suggested

to express my thanks for the tender attention which this worthy girl bestowed on me.

At the end of a week I was so far recovered as to be able to take my place in the arm-chair, which my dear little nurse had, night after night, during my illness, occupied, while watching my broken slumbers. Every nicety that could tempt the reviving appetite of the convalescent was prepared for me by her own hands; and her keen little sparkling eyes seemed to glow with delight as she observed the avidity with which I despatched these delicacies. She hung over me with too evident a sense of pleasure when I requested the aid of her kind arm.

She had no mother, was manager of the establishment, and sole successor and heiress to her worthy father's house and wealth, who by general report was a *score thousand man*, besides his freehold farm near Lumley Castle, worth seven hundred pounds a year. His liking to me was almost as strong as that which the daughter made no sort of scruple of professing.

Here then was a temptation to an unportioned lieutenant in a *marching* regiment, which by that

time had probably marched to the *right about*. Here I once more found myself lord of the heart of the lady of the Lion, for such was in fact the sign of the inn. (I must have been born under Leo!) This coincidence brought to my mind's eye in all her portly beauty the corpulent Venus of the county of Meath, whose parting smack I never could forget; and I bestowed on the memory of her charms a deep-fetched sigh. Little did I know at that time, when dreaming of past pleasures, that the sweet-lipped Mrs. Matty Malone was enjoying them in the full perfection of connubial bliss, having, while her heart was yet soft and tender, allowed love's citadel to be assailed and won by a bold *serjeant of dragoons!*

But there were other recollections of a more tender nature which never slept, on which fond memory loved to dwell, however hopeless the passion it cherished. Neither time, nor space, nor the ever-varying changes of my days, could banish from my dearest remembrance the amiable Maria, the early victim of one parent's folly, and of the mistaken policy of a kind and affectionate relative, who saw too late the error of one irrevocable step!

On a Sunday morning, when sitting at breakfast in the private parlour of the house, which opened on a small and verdant lawn, over which the rustling leaves, obedient to the fitful breeze of a bright October day, played about in fantastic eddies, a visitor was announced; and while puzzling my brain to know who could possibly have found me out, I had only time to remove Anna's chair from its too immediate proximity to my own, when in walked the ensign and acting paymaster, Chapman!. He had heard from my serjeant of my being arrested by the hand of sickness on my route, and took the first opportunity which his late troublesome avocations afforded to visit me. He had of course a long story to tell me of the regiment, the summary of which was *its disgrace!* A few picked men having been lately drafted into the 115th, (Prince William's regiment,) was doomed to the same fate shortly after; and the main body was sent to London river in colliers, in order to be dropped at Gravesend on the route to Chatham.

A severe reckoning had taken place with respect to the *accounts* of the drafted men; and the acting paymaster found his situation, during the

last fortnight, no sinecure. The precious remnant of the one hundred and Heaven knows how many -eth regiment, had sailed three days before for the Thames; the ensign only waiting to close the balance-sheet at Newcastle with the pay-master of the 115th, and then to proceed for Chatham by land. This was all his news, excepting the appointment of my friend, the major, to the colonelcy of a northern fencible regiment, (having obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the line by purchase some weeks before,) and a message from that officer, desiring me to write to him at Wakefield as soon as I joined.

Although I had nearly twenty pounds balance in my hands of regimental money, Mr. Chapman declined then to receive it, considerately saying, I might want money when he was not near me to answer my demands.

He was not a bad fellow, though vulgar, timid, and hesitating in his mode of expressing himself, as if conscious of his general inferiority; yet he loved good company and good living, was never obtrusive, and besides was an excellent *listener* and a liberal-handed friend.

Strange to say, this man, who had embraced

the military profession so late in life, and under so many disadvantages of person and education, by dint of observation and imitation polished himself into a very respectable MAJOR in the course of five or six years; a rank which he reached by purchase, and held with a fair portion of credit and respect in an old and crack regiment of the twenties.

After passing part of the day with me he returned to Newcastle, promising to pick me up in the course of the next or following day, on his way up the road, should my health enable me to travel at his time.

Never did visit appear so long or so tiresome to poor Anna, who had projected a little excursion for me on that day, which it was too late to undertake at the hour my brother sub took leave. She, however, for reasons of her own, seemed bent on this trip, and the morrow was named for putting her intentions into execution. What they were time will show.

Having expressed a desire to visit the cathedral for evening service, it was only after great persuasion I was permitted to go, although the distance was nothing. Well secured against cold, I

entered the sacred porch of this venerable building, and was instantly accommodated with one of those comfortably cushioned and curtained stalls, on which the well-fed prebendary may doze through the service without observation! It was the first place of worship I had entered for some months; and as I turned my thoughts from the world my heart smote me for the neglect.

There is a time when every man is struck with a sense of his mortality, and feels the force of a truth to which he has assented merely from custom, without considering its certainty or importance. In the cheerful simplicity of infancy it is but faintly understood. In the first impatience of youth, when the world is all before us, and every object bears the force of novelty, it is but little regarded; yet that this awful idea was ever long absent from my mind, from my earliest recollection, I can with truth deny.

My reflections during my late severe illness were such as I hoped were creditable to my heart as a Christian; and I availed myself of the first opportunity to pour out my humble thanks to the Giver of all good for his numberless mercies, in his own temple of prayer. The magnificent ca-

thedral service was performed with the most solemn and imposing effect; at the close of which I returned to my inn with a heart in peace with all mankind,—and almost with itself!

A small party of my host's friends were assembled in the evening; and I perceived with some degree of impatience that. I became the object of particular scrutiny and attention with all the females of the company, in whose eyes I could not have appeared in the most amiable light, from my evident fretfulness, when all around me was kindness and good-humour; and I felt happy when, on the plea of my convalescent state, my farewell for the night was accepted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

——I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue words.

RISING next morning with renewed strength, and scarcely a trace of my late illness on my countenance, I enjoyed with peculiar zest the comfortable breakfast which little Anna waited to partake of with me. That finished, and a quarter of an hour consumed in skimming over the London papers, I waited her orders: a post-chaise drove up to the door, and the good father saw me hand his daughter into it with apparent satisfaction, after which he lent me his arm, and with a kind "*Good morning, Sir,*" bade the driver pro-

ceed, when off we set at the rate of ten miles an hour, on the high road to Scotland.

Never did I pass so silent and stupid three quarters of an hour's drive with any female, as those which served to bring us in view of High Cliff Farm. My heart was overpowered. My sad reflections, and my silence, alarmed my kind little companion, to whose anxious inquiry, "Are you not well?" I could only reply, "Yes, dearest, better than you have ever seen me, thanks to your care, but sad and sorrowful at the thought that I must so soon part from one to whose tender kindness I am indebted for life, and whom I never can forget." At this expression she nestled close to my bosom like a child, and thus remained until the stopping of the carriage roused her to self-possession. She allowed me to hand her into the house without any reply to an observation which I observed with pain affected her deeply: rallying all her spirits as she was received by the housekeeper, she welcomed me to High Cliff with warm cordiality.

It was a *ferme ornée* delightfully situated, and fitted up in the most comfortable, and at the same time, tasteful style. It had been occupied by

Colonel and Lady Augusta Mordaunt for the year: there they were married, and there she had given birth to her first and only child; circumstances which little Anna did not fail more than once to advert to very pointedly. After showing me the entire house, and pointing out the various prospects, which were as boundless as they were occasionally grand and beautiful, she left me for a quarter of an hour to my own reflections; and these were not the most happy.

In the fulness of my gratitude for Anna's care of me during my illness, I certainly expressed my thanks with a warmth of words and action which could leave but one impression on the female mind—that of devoted love. She, with great imprudence, exposed herself day after day to a repetition of my acknowledgments for the past, whilst hourly laying me under fresh obligations for the present.

Anna was upwards of twenty years of age, but so *petite*, that her head scarcely reached to my shoulder (and I was then but five feet nine!). Her figure was so perfectly proportioned to her height, that by its slightness, delicacy, and the peculiar

way she dressed, (generally in a morning frock, with her dark hair slightly curled and hanging in careless ringlets over her delicate neck,) she might at first view have passed for a child of fourteen. To the character of beauty her face showed no pretensions: her features were regular; her complexion soft, yet pallid; but her eye so keen and penetrating, stamped her at once the woman! Unaccustomed from her infancy to contradiction or control, she was violently self-willed; yet there was a redeeming generosity in her nature which atoned for that error; and to which I was in the first instance indebted for those attentions bestowed on me, when I arrived under her parent's roof, in an almost fainting state; a kindness which never for one moment relaxed during my troublesome illness. With a heart full of gratitude to Heaven and lovely woman for his delivery from peril or sickness, a young man of eighteen is not apt to weigh his expressions in the scale of prudence. That I had said more than I ought, yet not a syllable more than my heart dictated, I was but too sensible, and how to extricate myself was now the cause of many a painful thought.

My reveries were broken by the entrance of my

fairy queen, who came to invite me to her own garden. It was impossible not to praise all its arrangements as being hers; yet she had the modesty to disclaim the merit of the superior taste and elegance with which they were made, bestowing it on Lady Augusta, who remained here after her husband had joined his regiment on the continent, and whom she described as a model of beauty and affection. We walked, and talked; and after I had exhausted every term of praise which I could bestow on all I saw, enjoyed, and felt, it became necessary for both our sakes to renew the subject of my departure.

"And yet, my dearest friend," I said, "a few short days shall see me a sad wanderer from this Eden—a few weeks or months behold me wafted to some distant regions, where no such angel as she I now enfold in my arms shall cheer my exile! Yet such, dear girl, is the soldier's fate. Would you be happy, Anna, fix not your heart's affections on one!"

With a look that for the moment made her appear beautiful in my eyes, she answered, "You should have taught me that hard lesson before! Why should you go? All you behold here will be

mine ;—and—and" (as she hid her face on my bosom, added,) "will you have the unkindness to force me to say more?"—"No, dearest Anna! I will not affect to misunderstand you: I was before grateful; I now love you for your generous feeling towards me. I am but a poor 'SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,' with no estate but my sword; and little else in prospect. Your worthy father has other projects."

"O! no, no!" quickly interrupted the ardent girl; "he lives but for my happiness."—"Well, granted, my love, that he does, you deserve all his affections; but would your happiness be ensured by bestowing your heart and hand on a stranger, of whom you know no more than that his misfortune excited your gentle pity, whose gratitude won your esteem! Let us embrace in friendship, the fondest, tenderest friendship, and trust to time to render me more your equal in worldly wealth; and if possible in that generosity of heart, to which alone, and not my own merits, I owe your preference: then I may claim that hand, which it would be mean and criminal in me now to accept. This very evening I will converse with your father, and shall be guided by his discretion: and now, dear, dear

Anna, let me once more press you to my grateful heart, and let us yield to the advice of the kindest of fathers." The little creature, who had almost fainted at the first part of my cold and formal lecture, now accepted the proffered embrace, with a warmth she had never before evinced; and, in allusion to the conference with her father, exclaimed, "Now I AM happy!"

During the remainder of the day all was confidence and cheerfulness on both sides. Her little heart fluttered with pleasing anticipations; and mine experienced that relief, which the reflection of having performed an honorable though painful duty is ever sure to bestow.

When the carriage was drawn up to receive us, after a hasty dinner, I relinquished her hand for a moment, while she exchanged a few words in a low tone of voice with the housekeeper, whose whispering remark, as she kissed her at the door, threw a flush of pale crimson over the face and bosom of little Anna, which their double glance at me sufficiently explained.

On taking our seat, the whip of the postboy once more set the horses off in a canter; and as we passed the outer gate I involuntarily exclaimed,

"Farewell, White Cliff! may Heaven bless my dear, my generous Anna!" This expression, uttered in a melancholy tone, broke from my lips before I could weigh their probable effect on my companion; the next moment I would have given worlds to recall them; but it was too late; the shaft had sped on its course; the barb had already lodged in the sensitive bosom of its victim. A look of tender reproach and a flood of tears were the only upbraidings my inconsiderate exclamation called forth. I pressed the little sufferer to my heart, and kissed from her cold and pallid cheek the fast falling tear.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune.

On our return to Durham, the first object that struck our view was the ill-omened face of Chapman, who stood grinning, with mouth as open and almost as wide as the pillared porch, to receive us. His keen observation on his preceding visit convinced him that I had got into comfortable quarters; and with more haste than delicacy he transferred his from Newcastle to this city. I felt all the embarrassment of his presence, but assumed as much composure as my state of mind could allow.

He had ordered dinner for two in the grand

room at *five;* and, punctual to the moment, it was served up to his solitary excellency; my previous early dinner furnishing an excuse for my non-appearance, until I could make my *entrée* with the wine and walnuts.

There was a superior kind of young man in the house as clerk and head-waiter, who, for distinction's sake, was called *Mr.* Charles, a distant relation of the landlord's, whom Chapman had talked into a kind of respectful intimacy, and from whom he learned a something of the nature of my footing in the family, which was more that of a friendly visitor or guest than a casual traveller; and his sagacity speedily gave me credit for a very prudent speculation. He only waited for my appearance to drink "*Success to the match!*" It was in vain I looked grave, and remonstrated against levity on such a subject. The more serious I became the more he chuckled, expanding his immense mouth, and exhibiting his tomb-stone teeth, "few and far between." In my turn, as I viewed his extraordinary face, I could not avoid joining in the laugh, although a scene was preparing for me at which every nerve trembled.

I had invited myself to take a glass of wine

with my landlord *by ourselves*, on which occasion I hoped to be able to withdraw without dishonor from the awkward predicament, into which a foolish tongue, moved by the warmth of a grateful heart, had led me. It just then occurred to me that my jovial companion might be made a useful auxiliary in this delicate matter; so after sounding his disposition, I fairly and candidly laid before him my painful situation, and my determination that very night to break off a connexion, which my own sense of honor and prudence, if it had not totally forsaken me, should have crushed in the bud.

When he found me serious in rejecting the temptation which chance had thrown in my way, and heard me plead as my motives the want of fortune, of that affection which should be the basis of an honorable matrimonial union, and the conviction that my own unsteadiness of character might probably bring sorrow on the too confiding girl, he no longer appeared the sordid shopkeeper in my eyes; but rising at once into the gentleman, the *drop* of gentle blood which for centuries had run through the veins of the Chapmans seemed suddenly to have purified and ennobled the whole tide. He grasped my hand with

fervour, and exclaimed, "Your 'e an honorable young fellow, by ——! That's fine!—*iss*—*iss*, its noble; and you shall never want a hundred pounds while Johnny Chapman can command one!"—a little Irish hyperbole, but kindly meant.

I now ventured to propose to him to join the father and me over our bottle below, and follow up by his remarks such observations as I should make when declining Miss Anna's hand. "Would it not be more prudent," observed my friend, "that we should invite him here? It will save *his* bottle, and afford an excuse for a call for a couple more to us." O! the vile shopkeeper again, thought I, while I agreed to his business-like proposal. Instead, therefore, of discussing our affair in the private parlour, our good host was kindly invited up stairs, where his reception must have convinced him of the respect in which he was held.

After health-drinking, my *amicus curiæ* commenced a speech of some length, in which he took occasion to give me credit for all I had said, and much that I did *not* say, in praise of the kindness and attention which I received from all his family during my late illness; and more particularly from

his amiable daughter. The ensign was absolutely eloquent; the father affected!

"Yes," said the good old man, "she *is* a good girl; and it would break my heart to see her bestow herself on one who would not devote himself to her happiness: but girls will choose for themselves sometimes, captain; and my little Nancy, and your young friend here, have taken such a liking to each other, that, although he *is* an *Irishman*, I don't know that I could refuse to make them happy! But no more soldiering—no! no! Nance is one of the stay-at-homes; and so must her husband that is to be."

Here was an unexpected retreat left open to me. After a suitable acknowledgment for all I had heard, I expressed my sorrow that the only chance I possessed of making my way in life was by attaching myself to my profession for at least a few years longer; that it was in fact my sole dependence, and my abandonment of it at such a period would lose me not only the countenance and protection of my family, but of those more influential friends on whose patronage I was dependant for future promotion. Assuring him, that although attached to Anna, by sentiments of the

most perfect esteem and regard, I would sacrifice my own feelings, rather than promise that which it would be impossible under my present engagements to perform; finally, that at the end of a couple of years, if Heaven spared me, I should feel grateful for a renewal of dear Anna's favorable regards;—"Now, Sir," I concluded, "believe me when I assure you that I would be proud to risk my life and prospects for your daughter's happiness. I owe you both too heavy a debt of gratitude to repay your kindness and confidence by deception. I know the restlessness of my nature too well to endanger dear Anna's future peace by trusting to it. I am young, without fortune; honorable, I trust; but still volatile, fickle, and unsteady. Your daughter deserves a better man than I now am, and such a one as I hope to be when I next have the happiness to meet her. Do me justice in her heart, and I shall depart with feelings of love and gratitude!" I had worked myself up to a kind of tragedy rant, and like the player king in Hamlet, "*absolutely shed tears:*" they were not the tears of hypocrisy, for the sense of the little Anna's kindness and affection was too powerful in my heart to allow of my

breaking off the connexion in terms of cold and cruel civility.

It was a satisfaction to me to perceive that the father, notwithstanding his previous yielding to his child's wishes and entreaties, was evidently as gratified as myself at my honorable withdrawal. I took occasion to retire as soon as possible, in order to leave the field open to my friend to make his concluding oration; and which was, I doubt not, of a nature to satisfy the good host that he was the worthiest of wealthy landlords, his daughter an angel, and his young brother-officer the most candid and honorable of (*Irish*) men! In whatever words he obtained his verdict I know not; but that it was highly favorable to me, I could discern from the more than usually attentive cordiality of my host during the remainder of the evening. After a quarter of an hour's private conversation with his daughter, they both appeared. A little party was collected in his parlour, where, placed beside each other, Anna and myself joined with cheerfulness in the round game of cards. Whatever he said to the girl, it was evident that she considered her hopes deferred,

not destroyed; and talked to me of my return as if the day for it was already fixed.

Poor little thing! she knew not the instability of her own heart. It was probably the first time she thought she loved; and, indulged as she had ever been in all her wishes, her reserve gave way to her natural impatience.

But long before the two probationary years, nay, before one brief year had elapsed, she bestowed her hand upon Captain Clericus of Prince William's regiment, who, in two years more, made room for another and more distinguished suitor. The captain and her worthy father both paid the debt of nature in 1798, in the autumn of which year my little Anna, with High Cliff and forty thousand pounds, became Lady M * * * * *, the last and boldest horsewoman in the Palatine, the gayest of the gay in the vortex of fashionable life, the idol of the veteran husband, and the envy of all the "*six feet*" ladies of the north.

In 1799 she rode the famous match over Scarborough sands against Captain Wrongside of the Beverly Buffs, contesting every inch of the heavy

four-mile heat with that accomplished gentleman jockey neck to neck! When almost close to the winning post, seeing that he had the lead by half a head, the captain (with more gallantry than Mr. Flint exhibited towards the celebrated Mrs. Thornton) by an unobserved check to his horse, allowed her to pass him as *conqueror*, with all the honors of the course, amidst the acclamations of thousands, her sporting old spouse being among the most enthusiastic. Her weight stands recorded at York—SIX STONE in the scales.

CHAPTER XXIX.

——— a wilderness of steeples, peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London town.

I PASS over the parting scene between me and my fair one and the friendly host at Durham, as uninteresting to my readers; and also a journey to town, which presented no other novelty to me than the fuller developement of my fellow-traveller's character.

He was a most extraordinary compound of liberality and meanness, of the exalted feelings of the Irish gentleman, and the low cunning and craft of the Irish provincial shopkeeper. He would squabble for half an hour over our daily

bill, contending, penny by penny, every item of supposed overcharge; yet the next moment would fling his half-crown into the hand of some poor soldier's wife, who with her wretched squalid children were to be seen traversing the roads in those days in utter destitution.

We posted the entire journey. Having the important charge of the regimental books and papers, my friend indulged himself and me in this luxury at the expense of the inexhaustible purse of Mr. John Bull!

My companion had never seen London except in its huge effigy the *panorama*, painted several years before from the view taken at Albion Mills, Blackfriars, and which had been exhibited in the various towns in Ireland. To this point, therefore, he immediately directed his course; but the mills having been destroyed some time previously, he took post on the bridge, and straining his round grey eyes in every direction, seemed for some time lost in the immensity of the scene; taking, however, no small merit to himself for being able to point out from his own recollections SAINT Paul's and West-MINISTER Abbey. He wished much to see the theatres; but the next day was to

be the 24th of October, when our morning appearance at Chatham was indispensable; for which place we proceeded forthwith; but my companion could not resist the opportunity of taking a peep *en passant* at GREEN-WITCH Hospital!

Arriving in good time for dinner, we were introduced to the detachment mess at the north angle of the terrace, where we once more met the stuttering captain, the American loyalist, the spoiled child, and honest Harrington; every one of whom, together with ourselves, now belonged to different regiments.

Our unfortunate corps had been drafted immediately on its arrival, having produced nearly 200 men fit for service in the line, and half as many more only fit for the invalid companies, then forming for garrison duty. The captain, who had been appointed to the 22nd regiment, was under orders for that luxurious spot, Cape Nichola Mole, St. Domingo; a destination which, while it evidently depressed his spirits, served to increase the natural sourness of his temper, which had not been much improved by the contemptuous rejection of his addresses by the father of his Yorkshire beauty some weeks before. In

fact, his overbearing manners had rendered him obnoxious to the mess; but he was a CAPTAIN! an important rank in *those* days.

For his sins and pranks, the spoiled child, although not in the same corps, was under sentence of transportation to the same delightful region; and in a few days both were to embark at the ominous port of Gravesend. Harrington was appointed to a regiment serving in India, and only waited the arrival of remittances from home for his outfit before he took his departure. The mad loyalist, who had been a constant pest to the Horse-guards for the last two years, was put out of the way by being appointed a captain-lieutenant in one of the black regiments then raising in the West Indies. My friend Chapman was agreeably surprised at finding himself gazetted *lieutenant* in the identical regiment, the skeleton of which that same morning marched into Chatham barracks, after two years' service in the Leeward Islands. As for me, I found myself posted to a regiment on its passage *from* the West Indies; and saw my name in orders to remain at Chatham for garrison duty.

After settling accounts with the ex-paymaster I still found myself pretty strong in funds. I

immediately employed the master-tailor of the garrison to build my new regimentals, which happened to be one of the most slowy in the service, and sent off to London for one of Cater's (newest cock) gold-laced hats; for many regiments then wore that livery-looking head-gear, together with the expensive regimental sword, which cost six guineas, superseded in a few months by the more sensible regulation of one of two pounds' value. These, with the cost of a long sash, [illegible], and belts, cut deep into forty guineas, for the half of which I was obliged to draw a bill on my father, and which Chapman cashed *instanter*.

As the Chatham barracks, at the period referred to, boasted of a tolerably fair muster of ladies, I kept myself as much out of view as my duty permitted, until I exchanged my rather shabby old jacket for the richly laced long coat of my regiment, and could appear from head to foot in my best costume.

CHAPTER XXX.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

In a garrison where the needy and the seedy were frequently congregated, preparatory to their honorable banishment to some pestilential quarter of the globe, an appearance of wealth, which the fair sex (Heaven bless their discrimination!) always attach to fine clothes, is sure to be attended with invitations, and all the agreeable *et-ceteras.* To be sure, there is a great elongation of visage when, on the introduction, instead of "CAPTAIN," the chilling word "*Mister*" is pronounced; but then appearance is every thing at first sight. "*Who is he?*" "*Is he a man of fortune? or the son of one?*" "*He must be: see how*

stylishly he dresses!" are the usual questions and remarks.

Swift maintained that clothes were the real agents in worldly affairs; and that MEN, who fancy themselves SOMETHING, are mere adjuncts to coat, vest and breeches! The very reverend dean was very right.

The daughter of an old soldier is sufficiently an old soldier herself to scan, with all the keenness of a commanding officer on any inspection day, the dress of a new comer from top to toe: if detected in the sin of shabbiness, his exclusion is certain! A darned glove or repaired boot are almost irreparable offences; but any visible patch-work about the *small-clothes* is sure to be denounced as one of the most alarming *breaches* of decency!

I recollect having heard a poor Irish ensign of five and thirty assert (with as much seriousness as it was in his jovial countenance to assume) that it was impossible to appear like a GENTLEMAN at Chatham without at least ONE good pair of breeches! Poor fellow! he spoke feelingly; for his only pair were in an affecting state of dilapidation—quite a harlequinade, though happily all of one colour,—a dingy white; while his increas-

ing corpulency, in the midst of a heart-rending state of distress, which he (most happily) of all others seemed to feel the least, rendered every stride he took a *service of danger;* particularly when marching round and saluting at the morning parade, during which he would rather have encountered the glaring eye of the Hyrcanian beast, than one soft look from lovely woman.—More of poor Jack Gun hereafter.

In the course of a week, or ten days, I was completely, and I may add elegantly, equipped. My white leathers, by Lingham, and boots, by Hoby, were each in triplicate; and when it was my turn to mount guard, or picket, on which occasion cloth breeches and black gaiters were to be worn, the superior quality of these articles did not escape notice. On these premises and appearances I was immediately set down for, what I really was not, a monied man; and my confessions, as to the humble mediocrity of my circumstances, were ascribed to the score of my modesty.

It is true I was not crippled in money matters; and as I was one of the most moderate of young men in my habits of living, I felt no difficulty in

preserving that respectability of appearance, which, after the first ample outlay, could be supported by care and prudence: no young officer ever set out better provided in the important articles, linen and leather. It would hardly be believed in these days of dandyism, to what miserable make-shifts many a poor subaltern of former times felt himself bound to resort, in order to exist.

Hundreds of men of all ages and rank had, at the breaking out of the war, found admission into the army; who, with the most severe and praiseworthy economy, could with difficulty sustain life and clothe themselves on their wretched pay, strangers to all the comforts and the society of the mess table.

There was one regiment reduced at Chatham, in the winter of 1795, in which, of the fourteen subalterns that entered with it, after undergoing partial drafting at Plymouth, eleven had been promoted from the rank of serjeants within the last half year. Eight of this number were Scotch, the other three, Irish; not one of whom had one shilling per annum beyond his pitiful pay; and a march from Plymouth, during which they of necessity joined the regimental mess, had deeply

involved them in debt, which they were then liquidating by stoppages, submitting to the most painful privations. These poor fellows were marked objects for female scorn, whenever they had the misfortune to encounter any of the garrison ladies. The preposterous absurdity of their dress was alone a constant theme for ridicule: it was a mixture of poverty and coxcombry supremely ludicrous.

To begin with the head. The hat was a peculiarly *coachman-cut* cock, bound with broad SILVER LACE, of which not a vestige was to be seen on the long and narrow yellow facings of the regimentals. The epaulette was of the most diminutive size; and the bullion scarcely half the usual weight or length. The coat was so cut off as to expose the whole of the body, from the pit of the chest downwards, in order to show in perpendicular line *six* buttons (and not the disk of one more) of the waistcoat, which was cut with old-fashioned court flaps, mounted each with two buttons, of which *one* half only of the circle was to be visible. The breeches, of white cloth or kerseymere, were remarkably short-kneed, with four buttons and a silver *regimental knee-buckle,*

exactly in line with the buttons, as a finish. The boots were *three-quarters*, made so as to embrace the *calf* of the leg, if any such muscle remained to the unhappy wearer; which rendered a *clean* pair of white stockings (or *pipe-clayed* substitutes) daily necessary. Up to the very hour of its reduction, the most rigid attention to this regimental dress was enforced.

It was stated to be exactly copied from old Lord Harrington's regiment, of the number of which this regiment was the anagram, and highly approved of by *George the Third!*—That I can well believe, when I call to my recollection HIS royal taste in military and naval costume.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Being upon drill, your honor——
Silence, Diggory! you're too talkative.

The duty at Chatham at this period was light, when shared by such a numerous garrison of regimental and unattached officers. A subaltern's guard was mounted daily at the barracks, and another at the dock-yard: these, with a barrack orderly and a captain of the day, placed but four out of nearly one hundred officers on daily duty.

The dock-yard guard, although a close duty, had been until that year a very desirable one, as Commissioner Proby had invariably asked the officer to dine and pass the evening at his house. This hospitality had been grossly abused, the worthy commissioner having seen his Curtis-like profile

caricatured on the very walls of his official domain. Such unmerited indignities induced him to withdraw his attentions from the military altogether; and the many suffered for the crime and ingratitude of one worthless member of the profession! The dock-yard guard, from having been one of the most agreeable duties that fall to a subaltern's lot, became one of unmitigated tedium.

To those who could afford the expense, the theatre of Rochester and the weekly assemblies at that city, (which are well attended during the winter season,) afforded occasional amusement. The commandant, Major-general the Hon. E. H. Fox, was not deficient in hospitality: all the *invitable* officers of the garrison were admitted to his table by regular routine.

The Misses Mawbey, daughters of Major Mawbey, the rigid old barrack-master, had frequent evening parties; tea, cards, and *one* glass of wine, with *once in a way* a bit of supper for the *select*.

The Misses Spry, daughters of the general of engineers, although past their *premier jeunesse*, were, like most ladies, fond of the agreeable association of the sexes; and whether in their morning

rambles, or evening routs "*at home,*" or abroad, they could always boast of a pretty strong escort of beaux. Those to whom the loss or gain of a few shillings was no object, and whose *appearance* was favorable, found a ready *entrée* to the tea and card-tables of several agreeable families in the neighbourhood, through the introduction of a friend. Thus the monotony of a garrison life was broken or forgotten, except by those whose more limited circumstances confined them to barracks, and who were obliged to create enjoyments for themselves, or drown reflection in a glass of Maidstone gin toddy, seasoned by a Welsh-rabbit, the regular guard-room supper; and for a plentiful supply of which, any officer, having an agreeable town engagement, might at all times procure a willing substitute for his tour of duty on guard, or picket.

Amongst those accommodating friends, Jack Gun was always a foremost man. If requested to mount guard for a brother-officer, his kind and ready assent was always accompanied by a smiling requisition for the "COMBUSTIBLES;" which, duly interpreted, meant neither more nor less than ONE GALLON LOAF, a DUTCH CHEESE, and a COUPLE OF BOTTLES

OF GIN! to which fare, honest Jack generously invited a few friends, in his own humble circumstances. The captain of the day, on going his rounds, frequently joined the jolly ensign and his party, where, enveloped in clouds of smoke, they sung, and puffed, and quaffed away the merry midnight hour.

The *old and bold* 10th, General Fox's Regiment, having returned from St. Domingo, a skeleton, had been filled up with drafts from various regiments, amounting to about eight hundred men; and, at the general's particular desire, sent to Chatham to be drilled and disciplined under his immediate eye. Here it was I first saw the German *close order* system practised; the "*lock-step*" which brought every man in the battalion into such close contact, that an electric shock, given to the leading file of grenadiers, would be instantly communicated to the last of the light-bobs.

At the same period, the *Old Tenth* first appeared in the short square-skirted coatee, called the *German Jacket*, which buttoned from the throat to the waistband, and with it that happy improvement on the officer's and soldier's comfort and appearance—the PANTALOON.

Every officer economically inclined, under such sanction immediately adopted the fashion, and in a short time, grey, blue, and pantaloons of every other hue, were to be seen amidst the detachment ranks.

Amongst others to whom this change of costume proved a happy relief was poor Jack Gun, who speedily ensconced his nether members in a capacious pair of French greys, discarding for ever his forlorn hope of whites, which he vowed had latterly become "*as tender as stewed veal.*"—"But now," added Jack, giving his seat of honor a sonorous smack of his broad and hairy hand, "HEAVEN and EARTH must come together before these give way!"

This happy tempered fellow found himself gazetted into a regiment then doing duty in the Bahama Islands, and some time after his name appeared in garrison orders for immediate embarkation for the West Indies. I then lost sight of him for a time; but fate decreed that we should meet again.

There were, at that period, collected at Chatham upwards of one thousand growing lads from the ages of sixteen to nineteen years, drafts from

various corps, whom the general had judiciously selected to recruit the regiments serving in India; and on whom the experimental marching drill *without arms* had been successfully practised. Their formation of column, line, and square, was perfection itself: nothing could be more correct than their movements, whether in the field or on parade; and when arms were at length distributed, their progress was wonderful. But it should be recollected that some of the best drill-serjeants of the British army, selected chiefly from the regiments of guards, were then employed on the Chatham staff, under the most indefatigable disciplinarian who probably ever held that command.

Having always had a taste that way, it was my daily habit after guard mounting, and the grand parade had been dismissed, to march with the squad to which I had been attached, about two hundred selected for the 71st and 72nd regiments, to the exercising ground on the eastern heights above the barracks, and there devote an hour or two to their improvement. On certain days the whole of the several squads were formed in battalion, and performed the regular evolutions of a

field-day, under the word of command given by the staff serjeant-major.

I was the only one amongst the many young subalterns of the garrison to take this trouble, to me a source of pleasure. This circumstance by some means became known to General Fox; and while bustling about in the capacity of adjutant to the battalion, while the serjeant-major acted as my commanding officer, I was thrown into momentary confusion by the sudden appearance on our ground of the general and his aide-de-camp, mounted. He gave the signal to proceed with the movements, and with his own voice gave the word of command for several evolutions, which were performed much to his satisfaction. My ears were delighted with the sounds—"*Very well!*"—"*Very well indeed!*"—"*Don't hurry!*"—"*Silence!*" After a variety of encouraging expressions the general retired, moving his hat most graciously as he withdrew. Such a proof of professional zeal did not escape the general's favorable notice; and although flattered by the audible remarks he made to his aide-de-camp on retiring, I felt the greatest relief by his retreat, for I was exceedingly nervous during this display

of my adjutantic abilities. But I was agreeably surprised at next morning's parade, on being ordered to "fall out" from the head of my squad, and repair to the general, who stood before the camp-color, surrounded by his staff, ready to receive the salute. On being presented in form, I was honored with the appointment of acting assistant staff-adjutant to the garrison, and specially attached to the battalion of East India recruits, with the usual allowance of three shillings per day. Here 's promotion! thought I, as making my bow I retired to my humble post on the extreme left of his staff.

On returning to my room I found a card of invitation from the general to dine at headquarters next day. Having dined there once before within a few days, and knowing my *tour* for another invitation could not regularly arrive at least under another month, I viewed this as an additional honor.

On the appearance of my appointment in general orders that afternoon, I deemed it a point of duty and gratitude to thank the general for this proof of his favor, which I did by a few pithy lines addressed to the fort-major, through whom

all official communications passed. I afterwards heard that the general observed to Major Kent, when laying my letter before his chief—"Now this *is* proper; a blockhead would have addressed his letter to *me!*" There never was a greater stickler for minute points of discipline and etiquette than General Fox, nor one who in his own person set a more rigid, and, I may truly add, more honorable example!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.

I ENJOYED my new dignity for some time with increasing credit to my military character, when a message from the great man summoned me to head-quarters. "What 's in the wind now?" I asked myself as I ascended his steps, almost too much bewildered to acknowledge the sentinel's "*carry arms.*" Surely I cannot have forfeited his favor, merely by philandering about with the ladies on the terrace under his very nose, that crimson, good-humored snub, which never yet curled at me in anger. Without knowing whether to appear before him with a pleased or a terrified look, I adopted that middle course called *respectful*, and entered his official parlour with profound

gravity of countenance. On being ordered to sit down, I felt a load taken off my breast, and was truly happy when, instead of a lecture (or, as it was termed, a "*wigging*,") for any levity of conduct, the general bestowed the most unqualified praise on me for my attention to my professional duties; and by way of enforcing the advantages arising from such devotion to the service, gave me, in the course of a quarter of an hour's conversation, a succinct account of *his* military career, from his first entrance into the army up to that moment.

He forgot, however, in detailing the items of his account current with Dame Fortune, to debit himself with the *slight* circumstance of his being the son of the powerful Lord Holland, Minister of State, and at one time Secretary at War. In conclusion, he intimated to me, with a degree of kindness and condescension which made its due impression, that his friend, Major-general Mordaunt, had written to him to recommend an active young officer from those under his command, who was perfectly conversant with his duty, and wrote well, to accompany him to the West Indies as aide-de-camp.

"Now," said the general, "should the offer be agreeable to you, I have no hesitation in promising that General Mordaunt will immediately attend to that strong recommendation which I shall feel much pleasure in giving you." This was so far beyond my hopes that I felt it impossible to express the gratitude I felt.

I apologised for my hesitation, stating the true reason—how much he had overpowered me by his kindness. I instantly embraced the offer. The general stood up with his back to the fire, rolling and rubbing the knuckles of his left hand in the palm of his right, as was his fashion, and evidently wishing me to be gone. I took the hint; but, in making my bow, he kindly said, "*If not better engaged, will you dine here to-day?*" *Better* engaged, indeed!—I like that! An obsequious affirmative and thankful bow closed the interview; and I left the house so elated with my good fortune, that some of my messmates, whom I met on the terrace, (and who no doubt observed an unusual strut,) commenced quizzing me on my extraordinary state of excitement. "What the d—l's the matter with you?" cried one.—"I'm an aide-de-camp, you dog. I 'm an aide-de-camp!"

said I, rubbing my hands, and absolutely grinning with ecstasy; a piece of information which failed to impart that satisfaction to some of my hearers which it inspired in myself.

My friend Chapman was still in the garrison with his regiment, and on making known to him my unexpected good fortune, he generously offered the assistance of his purse for my equipment; but although I did not require his friendly aid, I received the offer with grateful feelings. I immediately sat down to apprise my father of my fortunate advancement; but concluded with a drawback, on whatever degree of felicity he would receive by the communication, in the shape of a draft for out-fit; fortunately, no very heavy amount, as my good management of an excellent *kit* had left me but little wants to supply, beyond some tropical clothing, and a plain and full-dress staff uniform. The former, indeed, was at that instant in hand; for, with a vanity pardonable at my age and situation, I lost not an hour in my preparation to appear in my STAFF-dress before I took leave of Chatham.

A return of posts brought General Mordaunt's acceptance of my services, with an order to me

to repair to join him at Southampton with all possible expedition, where the general was then engaged in selecting for West India service a brigade from the large body of foreign troops then assembled in that town and vicinity.

I now mounted my aide-de-camp's uniform, (to the great envy of many, I dare say, more meritorious subalterns,) and placed my rich and but little-worn regimentals in paper, with the hope of a *saving* sale.

Having taken a respectful leave of the general and all my friends at Chatham, I repaired to London, intending not to delay twenty-four hours; but at my agent's I found a letter from my father returned from Chatham by that morning's post, with an ominous *black* seal! I anticipated its sad contents,—my poor mother was no more! She died of dropsy, after giving birth to twenty-one children (the last two twins)! of whom, fortunately, not above one-third survived to brave the troubles of this bustling world.

Never having been a particular favorite of hers, there did not exist between us that intensity of affection, which her indulgence had created in others of her children;—nothing beyond the pains and trou-

ble of bringing me into the world; and of which I stood wholly guiltless. I occasioned her but little annoyance, having been placed under the care of a healthy nurse from the moment Nature afforded me strength to imbibe my nurture; and for the first four years had never seen at home, except at the annual muster every Christmas!

My poor mother (besides being the most homely of women in person) had all through life one of the very feeblest of constitutions. Nevertheless, it is certain that, out of the twenty-four years she endured the wedded life, she generally was nine months out of every twelve in the family way; and (as I have been told) on each occasion deploring what a "*martyr she was to her duty!*" I often thought, however, (as I reached the age of reflection,) that the crown of martyrdom ought to have been accorded to my poor father.—But there 's no accounting for taste!

I paid that tribute to her memory which a sense of my duty to God and her dictated, and proceeded on my worldly pilgrimage with a chastened spirit, consoled by the reflection that my conduct had never caused her one moment's sorrow or unhappiness.

On my arrival at Southampton I instantly repaired to my general's quarters; but the bird had flown! He had already despatched his business, and proceeded to Portsmouth that morning, leaving orders for me to follow him with the returns of the four regiments which he had that morning selected; viz. two regiments of German jagers, one of light infantry, and the regiment of Walstein. I attended the next parade of the former, the first of that description of troops I had ever seen, and was struck with delight and astonishment at their magnificent line, which consisted of not less than two thousand two hundred rank and file, besides about one hundred and twenty officers.

Their dress was a light blueish-grey jacket or coatee, with broad green half-facings; striped ticken trowsers, with a broad green braid down the outside seam; a black waist cartridge belt; and short tight-fitting laced buskins. The hat was round, turned up at the left side, and surmounted with a tall and very full green feather, which they exchange for branches of trees when on service in the woods. Their arms were the rifle and screw-sword; the length, when fixed,

placed them on an equality with the regulation musket and bayonet. The officers and men were dressed so exactly alike, that it was only by the superior quality of the clothing (and which near inspection alone could determine) that the difference between them could be ascertained. Not a particle of gold or silver lace, or bullion, was to be seen. Take them all in all, they were the finest body of men under arms I had ever beheld; not a man in the long line was *under* five feet eight, although generally two inches taller.

These were the troops which ultimately formed the *nucleus* of the now splendid 60th, or King's Own rifle-corps, only to be rivalled by the gallant old 95th, which, after distinguishing itself during the last war in every battle where glory could be gained, was at the close of that great contest established as our NATIONAL RIFLE BRIGADE!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

See what a grace was seated on this brow.

It was now the close of the year: the unfortunate fleet, under the convoy of Admiral Christian, which had been repeatedly put back and dispersed after a series of the most afflicting losses, had at length got clear of the channel, on its voyage to the West Indies. A sixty-four gun-ship and two frigates remained to pick up stragglers, and take charge of about twenty transports prepared for the reception of the foreign brigade, the embarkation of which was the service to which the attention of my general was now so anxiously directed. Having received from the various corps the returns of their effective

strength, and a parcel of dispatches from the assistant-adjutant-general of the district, I made all my arrangements to depart for Portsmouth at daylight the following morning, previously to which I embraced the opportunity I had long wished for, of presenting myself to the Earl of Moira, (late Marquess of Hastings,) who was then at Southampton, in command of the emigrant army encamped and cantoned in that neighbourhood, to the number of between twenty and thirty thousand troops of all arms. The support of this large force was, for a considerable time, thrown upon his lordship's private resources; who, with that romantic sense of honor which ever distinguished him, almost sacrificed a fortune, never superabundant, in redeeming the pledge which a faithless government authorised him to hold out to those deluded and unfortunate refugees.

The Earl, in the House of Lords, complained of the scandalous breach of faith on the part of the Minister of that day (whose name stands in a manner canonised amongst the Tory devotees of his once lauded system) towards this brave but unfortunate army, which had been landed on our shores after the failure of the Pitt-concocted expedition

to Quiberon and L'Isle Dieu, and which, left to the precarious bounty of Parliament, by temporary and paltry grants, must have perished in detail but for the generous devotion to the cause of truth, of honor, and justice, of one high-minded individual.

The peculiarly embarrassing situation, in a pecuniary point of view, in which Earl Moira had placed himself; the various interests he had to reconcile; the feelings of rage, disappointment, and vexation, which he had to conciliate from hour to hour, scarcely left him one moment of the day to himself. It was therefore after some hours' waiting in his anti-chamber that I obtained the honor of a presentation; but when at length I succeeded, so powerfully did the magic of his manner rivet me to the place, that when etiquette required me to conclude my visit, I still lingered, as if to catch another look—another last word.

Of all the men I had ever seen, his deportment seemed the most grand, dignified, and commanding! Yet there was an urbanity in every word, a grace in every action, which instantly added a feeling of personal attachment to that of deep respect, which his presence and conversation

inspired. He kindly relieved me from all embarrassment by his inquiries as to Ireland; and, when thus encouraged to proceed, I ventured to give him a sketch of my recruiting service in that country, not forgetting to dwell with glowing emphasis on the merits and devoted fidelity of the good old O'Farrell, and the adoration in which his name was held by all his tenantry. His Lordship was evidently affected by the recollection of

Youth, and home, and that sweet time!

when, as old Robin exulting told me, he first taught him to fire a shot. He pressed my hand, as I bowed to take my leave, assuring me of the pleasure it would afford him to serve me on any future occasion.

The first subject in the realm!—the FIRST GENTLEMAN in Europe!—the most accomplished PRINCE of the age!—might well have been proud to boast of the unbought friendship of the good and gallant Moira! I slept at Botley that night, the inn of which was then celebrated throughout all Hampshire, for its "*handsome chambermaid,*" whom hundreds wooed to unholy love without success, and whose virtues and ~~locality~~ beauty were

subsequently rewarded by an honorable union with a full ——second lieutenant of marines!

While at breakfast next morning, I fell in with a young Frenchman, with the thundering Irish name of "O'ROURKE" (or, as he wrote it, "*Ororque*"). He was the son of a highly distinguished old officer of the Irish brigade, and had been one of the pages of honor to the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. Having served as aide-de-camp to the Duc de Lorges, on the late expedition to the coast of France, for some information obtained by him, under circumstances of peculiar peril and gallantry, he was rewarded with an ensign's commission in the British service, and, as chance would have it, in the identical regiment of which I was an unworthy and absent member. It instantly occurred to me to make a sale of my coat, very little the worse for wear.

No Jew old-clothesman, no Monmouth Street plucker-in, ever puffed off a second-hand garment with more *imposing* effect. "If" (said I) "the coat itself does not exactly fit, it is evident that a *new body* and *sleeves* would make it perfect; the richly-laced facings, the cuffs, the epaulette and

skirt ornament, fresh as their first day, are of themselves worth all the money I ask." There was no resisting the temptation; the bargain was concluded, money paid, and my trunk repacked in the course of a quarter of an hour. I soon after took my seat in the Portsmouth caravan, a one-horsed machine, commonly called the "*Slap-Bang*," from the frequency of those ungentle collisions to which the heads of six passengers were exposed, during its rumble-tumble route over roads not then of the Macadam order of level beauty.

On reaching the celebrated and far-famed arsenal of Portsmouth, I deposited my luggage at the Crown Inn, and immediately set forth in quest of my general. The sentinel at the door of his quarters was my sure guide. Whether for the sake of quiet, or economy, General Mordaunt had established himself in private lodgings in the first floor of the well-known ironmonger's, at the corner of Prospect Place and High Street, distinguished by that perhaps classical, but sufficiently indicative sign, the "*dog licking the pot*," which every year shines in the renewed lustre of a fresh coat of gilding.

My name and dispatches gained me an instant introduction, by no less a personage than an orderly serjeant. On making my bow, I saw before me a tall melancholy-looking man, apparently forty years of age, with dark unpowdered hair, just tinged at the points with shades of silvery grey. His figure was strikingly elegant and symmetrical: his eyes were anxiously bent on one small post letter from London, in a female hand, of which I was the bearer, with the others from Southampton. He scarcely raised them as he bade me be seated: he seemed to drink in every syllable of the contents of this small letter, while a deep-drawn sigh occasionally gave tokens of the heartfelt interest that it excited in him. He gave a second reading to it, then placed it in his breast pocket. I thought I could perceive a glistening of the eyes which was not altogether the effect of that intensity of attention which he bestowed on its reading. He turned to stir the fire ere he again presented his face; and then accosting me, apologised for his negligence in standing between me and the fire, to which he immediately invited me. The first word I uttered betrayed my country; "*the crime of*

nativity was on my tongue."—"O! you are from Ireland, Mr. Moore," observed the general; "I thought you had been Scotch."—"No, Sir," I replied, "I have not that *honor* (the general was the grandson of a Caledonian duke); but I hope, by imitating the assiduity of a Scot, to render the more valuable whatever humble talents I may boast as an Irishman!"—"Surely, surely," were the only sounds I heard in return.

He then opened his various dispatches, spreading out on the table as he proceeded the returns they enclosed. While perusing their voluminous contents the general directed me to select or make some pens, as he was anxious that copies of *all* these returns should proceed to London by that night's post. I trembled at the task. My fingers were still benumbed with cold; but giving them two or three turns and rubs before his brilliant fire, I soon found the warm blood of youth tingle to their very ends, and taking my seat, expressed my readiness to proceed; but I had a job before me I had little calculated upon,—full four hours' unceasing labor of eye and hand. The returns furnished by each of the four foreign corps, (which were executed

with a minuteness of arrangement and superiority of penmanship, which I should in vain attempt to imitate,) were all to be copied. Secondly, nearly half a quire of letters, which the general had employed himself all the morning in writing, were to be entered in his letter-book, closed, and addressed by me; and finally, the delivery into the governor's dispatch bag was to be made by my own hands, a quarter of an hour efore the post-office closed.

Having nothing else to occupy my mind, I bent its whole energies to the accomplishment of the task assigned to me, considering it a first, but rather severe trial of my patience and abilities. On throwing my eyes around me, I perceived a want of *red ink*, which I immediately noticed and required. "Surely, surely," said the general, and despatched his orderly for some forthwith. It struck me that even this attention to trifles was not displeasing to him. As I proceeded drawing my manifold lines in pencil with the most mechanical precision, I could perceive the general throwing a watchful glance over my paper, and I presume he felt satisfied of my powers, by leaving me to myself until four o'clock:

in the mean time, he went to confer with the admiral of the port. I saw no more of him until the increasing darkness and fog had induced me to call for candles, by the aid of which I had nearly concluded my heavy task when he entered.

All was at length prepared for his signature, previously to which he compared every word and figure of my copies with the original returns; when he complimented me in very courteous terms on the performance of this my first duty to his perfect satisfaction. I fell briskly to the work of closing and sealing the dispatches. During this part of my task my stomach gave audible intelligence of the cravings of nature. Since my breakfast at Botley, at eight, I had not tasted food, and it was now within a quarter of *five* of the clock without my ear having been cheered with the sound of that delightful word, "*dinner.*" At length, when taking up my bundle of papers, the general informed me that *he* was to "dine with Sir William!" (Pitt, the governor): —"Is it your wish, Sir, to see me again to-night?" I asked.

"O surely, surely!" (he replied in his usual

cool way,) " look in at nine; and if I should have returned, make yourself some tea."

Off I set, laden like a postman; and having unburdened myself of my dispatches at the office of the governor, I bounded off to the Crown; where my long fast and the natural vigour of a never-failing appetite induced me to take the full worth of my *half-crown* dinner.

While the clock was yet striking the ninth hour I was mounting the steps of the general's lodging-house, and on making my way to the drawing-room, had just poked the sulky fire into the most perfect state of blazing brilliancy, when my chief made his appearance. His dress-uniform greatly improved his personal appearance, and candle-light gave additional lustre to his dark expressive eye, while his pale and pensive features retained their usual placidity.

He was but slightly communicative over our tea; but informed me that it was his intention that I should embark in the course of three days on board a transport, taking charge of his horses, heavy baggage, live-stock, &c., and join him at Barbadoes; he having been invited to take his

passage on board the Aquilon frigate, accompanied by his brigade-major, Captain Roderic Grantz, (a Dutch Scotchman!) an arrangement with which I did not feel much flattered; but I heard all, and said nothing. I never met with a man of fewer words, or one less inclined to unbend with an inferior on first acquaintance; indeed his mind seemed to be oppressed with some overwhelming idea, which absorbed all lesser subjects: whether professional or domestic I knew not; but his reserve threw a damp over my native vivacity and spirit of inquiry, which compelled me to wait for such information as he thought proper from time to time to afford, without presuming to elicit any by even the most guarded question.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

——— O curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
But not their appetites!———

After an invitation to breakfast at nine the next morning, I took my leave a little after ten; and having but a hundred yards to go to the inn, I found myself in a few minutes snugly seated at the fire-side of the coffee-room of the Crown, then crowded with officers of both services; from whose miscellaneous remarks I gathered more intelligence of what was then passing than I should have derived from my general's lips in a month. Various questions were put to me in the course of general conversation, which, from being unable to reply to, except in very evasive language, I was set down as a *deep file*, already initiated into the

mysteries of the STAFF, and mysteriously silent and uncommunicative by virtue of my slashed sleeves and single-breasted coat.

Towards midnight, as the company began to drop off, I found myself seated almost alone in my corner, where I was in a manner fastened on by a rough-spun kind of character in a rather shabby coat with a purser's button, whose peculiar mode of speech had rendered him an object of my particular observation during the last hour. He knew every body, and every body seemed to know him. He had acquired the habit of adding "TOL LOL" to almost every sentence; but it was not so much the absurd words themselves that excited attention, as the very impressive and varied tone in which he uttered them, which gave them so much force. He had a TOL LOL of glee, another of surprise, another of sorrow; but his TOL LOL of anger was really terrific. This man's name was PENNY, a purser in the navy, known at every port in England by the cognomen of "*Tol lol Penny.*" This curious character took post directly opposite to me, in the box in which I was taking my negus and a bit of bread and cheese; and without further introduction than having been

in the same room together for nearly two hours, entered into familiar conversation with me, commencing with—

"No intrusion, I hope, tol-lol?"

"None in the least, Sir. I regret that I have nothing before me to offer you to partake of; but *if* you will allow me to——"

"No! no! my young gentleman," interrupted the purser, "swig your own tipple; and poor stuff it is, I guess, tol lol! *Let every man crack nuts out of his own bag!* Here, waiter, bring me a glass of grog; and, d'ye hear, let it be *double-shotted*, tol lol."

On the arrival of his grog, "My service to you, Sir," said he, and gulped down half the magnum at a draught.

I returned the compliment by drinking his good health in my bottom of negus, and called for another for the honor of the cloth. On asking him to eat a crust of bread and cheese—

"What! *cheese!*" said he; "cheese to a purser! Why you might as well offer physic to a doctor!—tol lol!—But dam'me! with submission, I will have a some'at with you in the grubbing way too, for I like the cut of your mug, though

it is a little coxcomical or so. Don't be angry!—tol lol!—And then your handkerchief, bleached as white as the royal of a homeward-bound India-man, smells like Sidney Yorke's of a frosty morning, when he appears on the esplanade, after he has hurried out from Poll Davis's crib. D'ye know Poll?" (A shake of the head expressed my ignorance of the name and fame of this beauty.) "Well, young 'un, the less you know of such craft as she, yet awhile, the better—that 's all, I say—tol lol!—Sidney's a swell; and every man to his taste. Well! here goes for a relish. Waiter! *walk a kidney three times before the fire*, and bring it me with a shallot as hot as the first broadside; and, d'ye hear, put a bit of butter not bigger than a *bee's knee* on bilge of it; mind that!—tol lol! Your general, young 'un, is an out-and-out good 'un, they say; but dam'me! he has been hardly hit. That's his look out—tol lol!"

"How?" said I, (with my curiosity strongly excited,) "I know nothing of his affairs!"

"*Bam!*" said the purser, with an incredulous smile. "Tell that to the marines!—tol lol!"

"Upon my honor, SIR," I replied, "I really

know nothing whatever of my general's affairs, nor ever saw him before this morning. His character as a brave officer is sufficiently established; and of that alone I can speak."

"Well, then, I can tell you" (eagerly interrupted the purser) "that a finer or more generous-hearted fellow never breathed. But he has a wife—worse luck for him!—tol lol!"

"And what of her?" I anxiously inquired.

"Oh! nothing very uncommon now-a-days! only that they were not of the same—"

"KIDNEY, Sir!" said the waiter, as he laid the smoking relish before the purser, three revolutions of whose jaws served to demolish it. When once more at liberty to talk, my companion continued: "No, dam'me! she has no more gratitude in her than a middy's boy, or a ———'s maid! When the general married her, three years ago, her old father, the Marquess of Mount —Mount—Mount—what the d——d mount is it?—Oh! Mount Angus—had nothing but the honor of a name to give her; and your general was a colonel in the Guards; had, they say, *twelve thousand a year;* was a Parliament-man: he and the Prince of Wales were as intimate as

two pick-pockets.* A year after he got spliced nothing would serve him but to go campaigning with the Duke of York, leaving his beautiful wife, Lady Augusta, behind him in the north."

"What!" I suddenly inquired, "was the Lady Augusta Mordaunt, who lived near Newcastle, *his* wife?"

"Yes, my hearty! his wife!—tol lol!—what of that?"

High Cliff Farm, Lady Augusta, and her beautiful garden!—Anna's description of their mutual fondness rushed on my mind at the moment.

"Well, Sir, what followed?"

"Why, that after a year's absence my Lady came it a little too strong amongst the gay 'uns in town; and she and one Colonel Harvey Headstrong, of the dragoons, were always seen hugger-muggering together wherever she went. The poor colonel (now your general) comes home on crutches, wounded, and suffering under the infernal fen fever of Holland; and hearing all the *kind* things his friends told him, he challenged the colonel, *hipped* him, and sent his whistle to

* The purser might have found a more "savoury simile;" but I give his own rude expression.

sleep for one while,—tol lol! My Lady's mother made a great fuss about her daughter's HONOR. (*Good luck to it!—tol lol!*) The old marquess too, of course, took her part. All her traps and desk were embargoed; and she was placed under quarantine, while the friends of both got up what you call an INVESTIGATION (a kind of petticoat court-martial). Her papers were overhauled; but nothing to *damnify* her being found, she was declared by all parties entitled to a *clean bill!* And she was accordingly received at court, and taken in tow by the queen once more!"

"And of course by her husband?"

"Belay, there!—That 's a *cat of another color!*—tol lol! My service to you again. No, no! they do say they have snoozed in separate berths ever since; and their only child is placed under the charge of the grandfather,—no great shakes himself!—tol lol!"

"This is a sad story you tell me, Sir; and I assure you I never heard a syllable of it before. My general certainly bears the appearance of a man suffering great mental anguish; and by your account, as well as my own slight observation, is little deserving his lot."

"Ay, ay, young 'un! that's the worst of it. He has acted too generously; he has settled an estate on her ladyship, and is now going to take a queer chance amongst the niggers in the West Indies. But if I had been him, dam'me! I'd have shown Missis another guess kind of game. I'd have had a whole *serag-glio* under her nose; have carried on till all was blue; kicked up old gooseberry; and had it all my own way, like a bull in a glass shop!—What do you think of that?—tol lol!"—(Striking the table vehemently.)

"Why, I think he has acted a more noble part. Excellent man! how much I pity him! But what do her parents say?"

"Why, as for the old marquess, he 's a nobody in his own house; and as for my old lady, —*mum!*—they say she has been a clipper in her day—a *regular touch* and *go! 'this! and no near—!'* Her eldest daughter, Lady Harriet Ashdale, slipped her cable one fine night, two winters ago, and took a trip to France with Sir Lionel Douglass, to see Mr. *Robertspur*. What can you expect?—Did you ever hear of a

tame bird coming out of a *wild bird's* nest? No, *never!* My service to you.—Tol . . . . lol!"

The night waned apace; the fire sunk to the very last bar of the grate; and the bar of the house was closed against further calls. The purser, as fully inclined as myself for his bed, reeled out at nearly one to seek it at one of the night houses at the back of the Point; whilst I, preceded by a venerable chambermaid with her pan of coals, (a very proper personage for such a hostel,—but ah! how different from the auburn-haired beauty of Botley!) toddled up to the third floor, first seeing myself entered on the slate under the character of "*No. 42 to be called at half-past seven.*"* I was too weary to keep awake many

* Hotels and public-houses have a phraseology of their own. At an inquest held some years since on the body of a gentleman who died suddenly at a London hotel, one of the witnesses, Mr. Boots, deposed, that the chambermaid desired him to run for a doctor, as "*Number four* was in a *fit!*"—And at one of the suburban tea-gardens, a waiter, loaded with a tray containing tea and muffins for *twelve*, who observed a bolt before the bill was paid, roared out to a brother attendant—"Run, run, Bob, there 's *two teas and a glass of brandy and water* escaping over the paling; catch 'em."

moments; but on arising next morning, I thought on all the loquacious purser had told me. There was a generous indignation in his manner while reciting his tale, which convinced me that he neither fabricated the story, nor exaggerated the leading facts. I felt for my poor general as a youth who abhorred dishonor and pitied its victim ought to feel; and when I entered his apartment to breakfast, I saw ten thousand winning claims on my devoted regard, which escaped my observation the preceding day. His calm and resigned smile was delightful; though it smote *me* to the heart to reflect on the struggle he made to assume the semblance of that cheerfulness to which his own was a stranger.

CHAPTER XXXV.

And chilling mists hang o'er the deep.

THE morning was intensely severe; a cold drizzling sleet added to its rigors; yet my duty required me to go on the water to superintend the embarkation of the general's household stock, baggage, and cattle, on board the Ajax transport, in which Lieutenant Simpson, R.N., the agent, had his pendant hoisted. I had the great satisfaction in finding the most ample accommodation allotted for my personal convenience and comfort.

She was a large Liverpool built ship, of about three hundred and sixty tons' burden, with a poop, mounting twelve carronades, a capital crew, and having on the whole, inside and out, a very sloop-of-war like appearance: there was only one cabin passenger, a staff surgeon, besides myself;

but two assistant store-keepers of the ordnance department were passengers in the mate's cabin. However disappointed I at first had felt, at not being honored with a passage in the same ship with my general, a favor conferred on the brigade-major, who could not speak ten words of distinct or intelligible English, I perceived at the first glance, what a happy exchange I had made, and how much more comfortable and independent I should find myself during the voyage in this favored ship which bore the agent's pendant.

The shipments having been made without the slightest accident or disorder, and the horses stalled under the care of the German sweigger and an English groom, I returned to report proceedings to the general; and that day did I receive my dining order,—but with it another order still more acceptable in every point of view—that for my bat, baggage, and embarkation allowance, which I soon cashed at the bank. Being already so well stocked, I had little to provide in the way of wearing apparel except flannels, of which I laid in an ample store; also a few articles of sadlery, a sabre, pair of pistols, West India hammock, my bedding, a couple of white beaver and

one straw hat, with some light-soled boots, and my equipment was complete. My mess I had already arranged for with the lieutenant our agent. I had ultimately no reason to complain, as his charge against me, after five weeks of the best living I ever enjoyed on board ship, amounted to only twelve guineas, "*drinks*" of all sorts included.*

I found my general as taciturn over his wine as at his tea. His assent was generally expressed by his eternal "*Surely, surely;*" his dissent by a significant shake of the head. He was a rigid disciplinarian;—most guardsmen are so;—but he was as much the gallant soldier in heart as in outward bearing. He was once the pupil, now the *master*, of the German school of tactics, and appeared to possess all the phlegmatic coldness of our northern neighbours; but it was appearance

During my stay at Portsmouth, the officer who had for a few years held the command of a station on the pestilential coast of Africa having arrived at Portsmouth, Motley, the editor of the newspaper of that town, a wag in his way, pompously announced, "This day arrived his excellency Major Macdonald Crighton, late governor at Cape Coast Castle, with his *suite!*—his SUITE consisted of a *Little Black Boy*, and a *Big Black Dog!!!*"

only. His heart was kind, his manners amiable as they were elegant, when he did unbend; but there was a deadly demon gnawing at his noble heart.

When stating to him my satisfactory arrangements with the agent for my mess, he begged of me to send across the street to his merchant's for a stock of wines and liquors, which his kindness had provided for my use; a favor of which, from my previous arrangements, I could not think of availing myself.

The embarkation of the foreign brigade was to take place the next morning at Stokes Bay. These troops had arrived in two divisions at Gosport and the adjacents the day before.

As the daylight broke I was on duty; the sun's rays at first pierced through the dingy clouds in coppery streaks, but before nine the golden god of day appeared in all his splendor. Crowds were collected to witness the embarkation. The morning, though cold, was one of those short lovely winter days our climate can sometimes boast of; the surface of the sea was as smooth as that of a sheltered lake; not a ripple disturbed its treacherous tranquillity.

Never did any troops embark for a distant and fearful service with more perfect *sang froid.* They marched down to the beach in column of companies, chanting their national hymn in exquisite harmony, (the Germans are surely the sons of song,) and took their place in the flat-bottomed launches with as much quietness and regularity as if seating themselves in the aisle of a church. The convenience, and absence of all bustle with which they were embarked, reflected great credit on the naval officers to whom that duty had been consigned.

When twelve of these monstrous launches (each containing ninety-six men with their officers) had put off, the crews lay upon their oars, in strict line, when about fifty yards from the shore; and on the signal of the officers the "*hurra! hurra! hurra!*" was given with the most delightful effect, not bawled out with a waving of hats, but SUNG in regular parts; striking on the ears of the astonished islanders as a splendid, but affecting novelty. The music of a thousand harmonious voices died away, as it stole along the glassy bosom of the stilly main, giving rise to many a painful reflection in the breast of those who witnessed

this departure. Alas! the perils of the battle-field were but the least of those which this fine body of men were doomed to encounter. The eyes of my general seemed to glow with delight as he cast them over his brave four thousand warriors. What hopes of future glory did not his ardent mind at that moment indulge in!

Oh, God!—inscrutable are thy ways!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

What Jack?—fat Jack?
* * * * *
Give me a cup of sack;
I am a rogue if I have drunk to-day.

But two days more remained to me, ere I took a long, and, as I sometimes painfully thought, a last farewell of England. On one of these I was ordered on board the Weymouth, a large transport from the Thames, built for the India Company's service, which had been purchased as a store-ship, and on board of which were at that time embarked one hundred OFFICERS, (only) belonging to all the regiments then in the West Indies, a general garrison delivery of many an ardent aspirant for military fame, and not a few of those reluctant lingerers, who, re-

duced to their last shift to avoid the much-dreaded WEST INDIES, (that word of terror of the times,) were now fairly committed to their fate.

I scrambled up this huge wall-sided ship, (which was upwards of eight hundred tons' burden,) in company with innumerable crates, hampers, and bags of provisions, amidst the baa-ing of passive sheep, the grunting of revolting pigs, the cackling of an army of noisy geese, and the low and subdued quackings of half-stifled ducks. Not less than a dozen boats of all sizes and burdens were alongside, laden with the stock, live and dead, of the anxious passengers. Stationed in the main-chains were some half dozen *old soldiers*, who with selfish anxiety kept a keen eye on their own particular stock; and ever and anon sung out "*hoist*" or "*lower*," according to circumstances, until their own portion was safe on board, when they left the less bold and experienced to shift for themselves. On reaching the deck, almost the first figure that struck my eye was that of my Chatham friend, the bluff Jack Gun, who seemed to possess the undisputed command of the gangway. In the midst of his soli-

citude for the reception of a whole barge-load of provisions and stores alongside, to which his deepest attention appeared to be devoted, he seized my hand with his usual Hibernian warmth, and with all the air of a commanding-officer, in an instant directed a gentlemanly-looking youth, not more than sixteen, to order up a bottle of Madeira.

Madeira! thought I, times must have strangely altered with honest Jack. In a few minutes the young officer appeared, attended by a servant in livery, carrying a bottle of Madeira in one hand, and in the other a common yellow delf plate, on which were placed three dumpy semi-spherical glasses, called "tumble-ups." The servant filled two *bumpers*, pouring into the third glass a mere drop, whispering something to his young master, which the youth kindly thanked him for.

My countryman introduced this interesting boy to me as the Honorable Frederick Leslie, lieutenant in the Scotch Fusileers, and one whom Jack had taken under his special care and protection, together with the ample supply of stores which a fond mother's liberal hand had provided for the voyage. The same kind feeling induced

Jack to extend his patronage to nearly a dozen more juveniles of a class which, if not equally high in point of rank, was at least in opulence, to judge by the profuse liberality with which their stock of all descriptions had been laid in.

The parents and friends of these young soldiers, who accompanied them to the ship to take their sad farewell, felt delighted at my old compatriot's voluntary kindness and attention; departing in comparative tranquillity of mind, at leaving a beloved son, nephew, or ward, in such safe and excellent hands.

Jack had been the first red-coat on board. He had embarked at Gravesend, and assumed the character of father of the ship on the score of his priority. He had originally (for the most obvious reasons) heroically determined to live on his rations during the voyage, as indeed he had done during the month he had already passed on board. But however praiseworthy the resolve, Jack, who loved good living like a bishop, could not resist the tempting display of provisions, which literally encumbered the deck of the Weymouth. He accordingly took pity on their inex-

perienced owners; and after a careful scrutiny of the labels and directions of every cask, case, coop, bag, and hamper, of the aforesaid younkers, he proposed a select mess, of which he offered to become chief manager, comptroller and caterer! Such a generous offer was not to be rejected. He had just arranged his plans as I arrived on board; and taking advantage of his familiar acquaintance with the general's aide-de-camp to give weight to his address, Jack summoned his squad together in a detached spot, and harangued them in the following disinterested strain:—

"Gentlemen, here we are, all embarked in the same glorious cause! [Hear, hear.] Our troubles are all before us *like a wheelburrow;* [a laugh] but never mind. We have all made the best provision in our power for our comfort on the voyage. [Hear, hear, from all sides.] But it may so happen that many a good fellow omitted to supply himself with all the COMBUSTIBLES required for our voyage. [A dead silence.] Some have plenty of wine, but no liquor for these cold nights; while others have plenty of the RIGHT STUFF, but no wine! [Another dead silence; every man and boy

knowing that they had been *over*stocked with both.] Then, again, how am *I* to know *my* ham, *my* cheese, *my* cock, duck, or goose? [Ay! how indeed?] or *my* wine, porter, or liquor from my neighbour's? [Hear.] Besides, I am an enemy to invidious distinctions; and though not an officer on board has laid in a larger stock (of assurance, Jack might have added) than myself, I am a LIBERAL man! Damn all separate cupboards, say I;—let us club our whole stock together;—make it a general concern; and, plase the PIGS, we 'll all live like FIGHTING COCKS!" (A natural peroration as Jack's speech was delivered in the midst of pigs and poultry.)

What could the youths do but agree unanimously to such a magnanimous proposition? The motion was carried without any division of votes, or, (what was of most consequence to the orator,) any division of the rich and abundant stock; honest Jack's contribution to which, (by his private confession,) consisted of ONE bottle of GIN, and a QUARTERN loaf!

This important arrangement having been adopted, the mess-stewards, and servants, com-

menced the work of unpacking and stowing away; all the young gentlemen assisting to form the various magazines, the bustle of which, and the novelty of the scene altogether, served for the while, to divert the mind of many from the sweet recollections of home, of family, and friends.

I had to wait for the *rôle d'equipage* upwards of half an hour, while the commanding-officer was undergoing the operation of shaving. When this gentleman made his appearance, I recognised another extract from Chatham, (but one with whom I had never spoken,) in the person of Brevet Major Johnny Armstrong, an *illiterate* enthusiast of the evangelical school, who delivered a lecture on the use of the bayonet every morning on the poop, and preached a sermon every evening from the same place; while his wife, young enough to be his daughter, (who was a "*culler* of SIMPLES" of a certain description,) kept a reading shop, with a stock of green grocery, and a medicine chest within her own little cabin, "forrard," partitioned off from the galley.

The vessel was commanded by an old lieutenant

of the navy, whose messmates were a surgeon, purser, and acting master. Professional distinctions, of certainly a very invidious nature, were carried so far, that a boundary line on the quarter-deck was drawn, within which the *soldier officers* were expected, nay ordered, to confine their perambulations. This, with other littlenesses, but too common in those days, when the jealousy between the two services was at its height, caused much ill blood; and before the ship arrived at Barbadoes the lieutenant was under a tacit engagement to about thirty officers to afford them honorable satisfaction for some real or fancied act of oppression or insult. Twenty-nine of these affairs were adjourned, *sine die*, in consequence of the unpleasant termination of the first, in ~~those~~ the punctilious lieutenant had the ill-luck to be seriously winged by a wild Irish lad, who, in his impatience to vindicate his honor, forgot to wait for the signal, and fired before his adversary could come to the "present!" for which act of forgetfulness, he was saved the risk of a further service in the British army.

Taking leave of this floating barrack of Jack

Gun and his mess, I made my way to the troop ships; and returned to my general with the most satisfactory accounts of the condition of the troops, vessels, provisions, &c..

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Come, all hands ahoy to the anchor,
From friends and relations we go.

NEXT morning at nine, a gun from the commodore, fore-top-sail loose, and Blue Peter at the mast-head, threw all Portsmouth into a bustle. The *Point* and *Hard* were thronged with red-coats, driving bargains with the extortionate wherry-men for a *put-off;* while middies and mates were driving the blue jackets by dozens from the tippling and *other* houses towards the Sally Port, groups of drunken doxies still clinging to them, with vehement protestations of love, and the most fervent prayers and supplications for—their last shilling!

I had embarked the entire of my baggage at

the first dawn of day; and at twelve I accompanied my general, in the captain's barge, on board the frigate, at which time the whole fleet was heaving short on their anchors.—At *two* another gun!—"Top-sails sheeted home!—All visitors be off!"—Adieu, adieu!

Thus many part, whose parting is eternal!

The last dispatch-boat that left the frigate gave me a cast on board the Ajax, just as the clouds of evening were gathering, where a cheerful fire, a tureen of prime soup, and a good plain dinner awaited me. The ship was already under weigh, and I did not again visit the deck except for a few minutes: at eight [redacted] bells, when the surrounding gloom and darkness drove me again to seek the comforts of the elegant cabin.

We had a leading wind round St. Helen's Point. I retired, after a very agreeably spent evening, to my berth, than which nothing could be more cleanly, comfortable, or convenient. The agent occupied one cabin abaft, I the other; the surgeon and master took their berths below.

My constant state of activity of body and mind, in the performance of my duties for several days

past, had scarcely allowed me time or room for thought; but now, when left to my reflections, they crowded on me with such force as to deprive me of that repose which my late busy state of excitement rendered so necessary. A hurried retrospect of the last eighteen months called up associations at once delightful and distressing. "Shall I ever see HER again?" was the involuntary question of my waking dream. Who the beloved being was to whom the question applied, I leave to my reader's imagination.

After a restless night, my first broken slumbers were rudely interrupted by the noise of washing, scrubbing, and swabbing decks; every thump of the water-bucket seemed to pierce my brain, already burning and bewildered, from pain, want of sleep, and nervous restlessness. Eight o'clock was our appointed hour for breakfast; and although I would have given one *month's* pay for one hour's sleep, and which I seemed fully prepared to enjoy, when enjoyment was no longer allowable, I was fain to turn out a little after seven, and get through the ceremony of my morning toilet. My cocked-hat, my coat, and other shore-going articles were all laid up; and with the aid of the

general's English groom, who was my valet for the while, I got out my sea garments, a well lined pelisse jacket, and seal-skin cap. On making my appearance on the quarter-deck, I saluted the colours and the commander in due form; and our party took our monotonous walk, fore and aft, from seven bells till eight, when a bason of strong coffee braced up my nerves, and relieved my aching head.

As the day advanced, and the fog appeared a little dissipated, the fleet presented an interesting object. The sixty-four under courses led the van, the frigates under topsails flanked its rear; all the ships were well up in their stations. The Isle of Wight, distant about two leagues on our weather beam, seemed wrapt in a shroud of snow, through which the steeples of Nighton and of Shanklin peeped out, as if to mark the place of sepulchre. We were stealing gently and silently through the water, amidst a softly descending and slight fall of snow, at the rate of not more than five knots. A gloom hung over the surface of the mighty deep, which suited the soul's sadness of many a poor exile, that day borne on its treacherous bosom.

Noon did not improve the dreary scene; and the day passed with no other enjoyments than those which our blazing stove and well furnished table afforded.

Before I turned in for the night I took a quarter of an hour's walk on deck; and felt delighted at the sight of a thousand twinkling stars; and not less so, to hear the master give the word, "*round in the weather braces!*" By ten o'clock we were running nine knots by the log, with every prospect of the wind holding. It was then a clear north-easter, and plenty, but not too much, of it. The vessel began to kick, as the seamen term it; and becoming a little qualmish, I laid myself down, and felt not how the world went until seven next morning, when even the diurnal knockings and scrubbings over my head had not the power to disturb my long, refreshing sleep.

I started on deck to see how the land lay. St. Alban's head was dipped in the distance; and our whole fleet collected in a cluster, like "Mother Carey and her chickens," were staggering down channel, under every stitch of canvass they could set, with a steady nine-knot breeze.

Hills and head-lands appeared like phantoms, and as quickly retired. With the last look I threw on the Lizard, I bestowed a blessing and a sigh on the land we had left.

END OF VOL. II.

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